

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1851.

VACATION RAMBLES.

—
BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.
—

BLESSED be the man who invented vacations! Deeply as I am interested in education, much as I am attached to the young men whom Providence places under my instruction, and much as I find of interest in the sciences which it falls to my lot to teach, yet the annual return of the summer vacation is always expected with pleasure and hailed with welcome. The evening bell of the last day of term-time is the signal for me to lock up my study, and in it all the mathematics and logic that have accumulated on my hands for the last twenty years. All ideas, except just enough to enable me to get along over the hills and through the woods, I carefully stow away on some empty shelf. All my books, papers, notes, and manuscripts I pack into some corner. All baggage, except a few articles of indispensable necessity, I resolutely eschew. With a good hickory stick in one hand, and a light carpet-sack in the other, I sally forth for a ramble. I like to be independent of all the world, especially of hackmen and porters. Of the services of railroad conductors, steamboat captains, and stage-drivers I would like to avail myself when it suits my convenience; but, with only a carpet-sack and a cane, I am independent even of these gentry. And now let us away toward the rising sun, that we may breathe the cool breezes from the ocean, and inspire new life and energy from the invigorating air of the mountain summit.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Often as I had visited the city of New York, the populous and busy city of the living, I had never turned aside from its life-thronged streets to visit Greenwood, the populous yet quiet city of the dead. So, on a pleasant summer day, I passed over the Brooklyn ferry, took a seat in one of the numberless stages that run regularly on the line, and, after a journey of a few miles, along the shores of the delightful Bay of New York, I arrived at the large, cumbrous gateway, that opens from the busy world into the silent resting-place of the dead.

The surface of the inclosure is remarkably diversified by hills, valleys, small lakes, open glades,

thickets of shrubbery, and groves of forest-trees. Nearly the entire ground is laid out in lots, of various shapes and sizes, and ornamented with iron railings, and monuments, and statuary, according to the cultivated or the capricious tastes of the several owners. It would be impracticable to describe, without resorting to a technical catalogue of names, the various shapes and styles of monument erected in that ground. There are unassuming head-stones, there are plain slabs, there are monuments extravagantly costly—some with beautiful and others with grotesque and fantastic designs—and there are Grecian and Gothic structures like moderate-sized dwellings. The most expensive decorations are about the grave of Charlotte Canda, who died "by a fall from a carriage on her seventeenth birthday." Though the extravagant costliness of this monument seems inappropriate and useless, yet we may say of its form, and of its various appendages, what we can in truth say of very few of the monuments of Greenwood—that the design seems conceived and executed in good taste.

I can hardly see the appropriateness of going back, in search of suitable designs for a tombstone, to the ruins of Egypt, and deforming the monuments of the dead with monstrous forms of winged globes and unsightly images of serpents. I can see little to choose between some of these images so common in Greenwood, and the dismal skeleton faces on the old grave-stones of the Puritan churchyards.

There are some points in Greenwood from which the view is splendid. There is one on the southern border of the Cemetery, from which the ocean prospect is most glorious. For miles to the right and to the left, and as far as the eye can reach in front, you may look off on the blue deep, reflecting from its mirrory surface the tints of the overhanging sky, and whitened frequently with the swelling sails of numerous ships.

The sun was setting, and I was about leaving Greenwood with disappointment. The effect, on the whole, was not pleasant. There was much effort at pomp, and show, and circumstance. There was too much ambition in the proprietors of lots to outdo each other in expense of decoration. There seemed evidence of attempts to carry the artificial

and conventional distinctions of society beyond life, even to the grave. The most of the names that figure largely on the costly decorated lots are not the names known as philanthropists, or benefactors of the race, or even as contributors to science and literature. But they are names of such as have acquired wealth by manufacturing "sarsaparilla," or "pills," or other equally interesting articles. One very tall monument bears, in great capitals, the name of some one, "packing-box maker, at — Gold-street." All these attempts to glorify, by extravagant expense and bombastic eulogium after death, the names of those who, in life, were distinguished only for acquiring wealth by some fortunate accident or artful speculation seem to me in bad taste. Nor do I like the publicity of such cemeteries as Greenwood. The place is thronged with the thoughtless and the curious. The thoroughfares are scarcely less crowded than Broadway or the Bowery. I would not, when I go to kneel and to weep over the grave of my heart's loved one, have a hundred idle passers-by gazing at me, and, by their profane presence, disturbing the sanctity of the place and the quiet of my meditations. No. Let my friends sleep, and, when life is over, let me sleep with them in the quiet churchyard of the rural village.

I was about leaving Greenwood with feelings of disappointment and dissatisfaction, when my attention was called, by the friend who accompanied me, to a distant corner of the ground, wondrous thickly dotted with little graves. On approaching the spot, I found it the public burial-place of little children. There were strewed side by side nearly a thousand graves, all of children apparently under two or three years of age, and all made within the last few months. The little ones sleeping in this unadorned spot were children of parents too poor to own a lot in these grounds, and too poor, except in a very few instances, to afford the smallest stone on which to inscribe the name of their lost one. But indications of affection, touching indications, were not wanting. Some of the little graves were strewed with flowers. The flowers were in every stage of decay, from withered and dry to wilted or fresh, showing that often came the hand of love to scatter the emblems of youth and innocence over the grave. On other graves were arranged the toys and playthings of the lost little one. Others were covered with sea-shells, gathered probably by the poor sailor father on foreign shores. And these little toys, playthings, and shells were all the poor parents and sisters could afford in memory of "the little boy that died," or the little girl that, like the dew-drop, "sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven." These simple tokens of affection in the poor awoke in my heart emotions which the costly monuments of the wealthy had failed to excite.

A RAMBLE BY THE SEA-SHORE.

On a pleasant day, with a good cool breeze blowing directly down from the White Mountains, I

started with my friend for a sea-side ramble. We soon reached the coast, where the open Atlantic incessantly dashes against the rocky cliffs. We clambered along over the precipice, and stood on the rocks that had for six thousand years withstood the force of the ever-returning waves. The sky was clear, and the atmosphere was affected only by a pleasant land breeze, yet the ocean was, as it ever is, unquiet and restless. Wave after wave in long succession would come rolling in, dashing against the rocks, and rushing into all the crevices, coves, and caves, bellowing and roaring with stunning and deafening reverberations. Often we had to look out for ourselves, or the rock on which we stood would be submerged by some wave more daring than its predecessor, and we should find ourselves uncomfortably bathed. The grand old rocks around us seemed venerable with age and with hard service. Their face was furrowed, and seamed, and scarred in many a hard-contested battle with the sea. They had been worn into uncouth and fantastic forms. Weather-beaten, gray, and grim, they yet stand the impassable barrier between the domain of sea and earth. How many scenes of thrilling interest have these same old rocks witnessed! Often have their caves resounded with the cry of the shipwrecked mariner, and their sides echoed with the thunder of the cannon, as foe met foe in gallant ship on the neighboring waters. Within their full view the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* met in deadly conflict, in which the youthful and gallant commanders of each ship fell. In the cemetery of the beautiful city in full view from this spot, the traveler may observe, side by side, two graves, covered with plain slabs, on which are inscribed the names of the gallant chieftains, who fell in that sanguinary battle, and who for half a century have been sleeping as quietly together as though they had never handled the weapons of warfare. But these old rocks heed not the cry of sailor in shipwreck nor of chieftain in battle, but they echo, echo, echo on to the thundering tones of the Atlantic.

Did you ever, reader, watch the motions of the sea from the cliffs or the sandy beach? The surface motion only you see. There is another motion invisible to you, an undercurrent, known only by its effects. This *undertow*, deep and powerful, is always in a direction opposite to the visible motion of the surface waves.

Like the waves of the sea are often the emotions of our own hearts. We are not all what we seem. There are undercurrents of emotion and of feeling, whose waves break not upon the visible shore, but roll on, deep, strong, and resistless, toward the invisible, the unknown, and the ideal.

Having satiated ourselves with the wonders of the rocky point where first we commenced our observations, we passed on along the coast, over cliffs and rocks, and along precipices, and by chasms and ravines, escaping danger only by care and agility, till we reached a little sequestered

cove, with a pebbly beach. It was a delightful spot, securely sheltered from the winds, and secluded from all human observation. The shore was covered with beautiful, clean, neat pebbles, polished, smooth, and fair, and of every variety of color. The sea, however, was restless even here, and its waves came rolling, rolling, rolling in, and breaking gently on the beach. We could not here resist the temptation to indulge in the luxury of a sea-bath. It was so quiet, so secluded, the waters were so cool and clear, and the beach so neat and clean, that we could but dally, and sport, and play, and dash about the waters, and suffer the surf to trip us from our feet, till we began to feel as amphibious as the Sandwich Islander. We got thoroughly salted, and carried off a large quantity of salt in our hair.

Rambling on some miles farther, we came upon a long stretch of sandy beach. For miles the beach stretched away in a curved line. The sandy surface was hard and firm. The surf was still dashing incessantly on the shore, making music in perfect time, though rather monotonous.

In our ramble along this beach we had the good fortune to light on a fine deposit of beautiful shells. There were many varieties; some very delicate and perfect. We spent some hours in gathering and culling the best of them, and then pursued our way along the shore. Is it fact or fancy that the sea-shell, for years after it is removed from its ocean-bed, echoes in its hollow chambers to the sound of the waves? It is a fact, and no fancy, that the heart of man never ceases to echo, in its inmost recesses, to the sound of early tones.

Along the clean-washed beach of hard sand for many a mile we made our way, till we were arrested by a deep and broad river, which we had no means of crossing. Reckless had we rambled on, not knowing whither our way might lead. We had spent a long summer day, and traveled we knew not how many miles. The city we had left far behind. We had scarcely seen for the day, in our wild and wayward rambling, a living creature larger than a cricket. We had heard no voice, except that of a wild barking fox, whose territory we had invaded as we passed through a thicket of firs. It was now nearly night; and, as we could go no farther along the coast, we concluded to follow up the river-bank, supposing we must arrive somewhere. On our way we passed through a most splendid grove of evergreens. The deep and dark foliage presented a curtain impenetrable to the sunlight. The ground was strewn with the fallen and dry tassels of the pine. Occasional spots, where oozing moisture from the hill-side slightly watered the sandy soil, were enlivened by a beautiful patch of green moss. In such a scene of sylvan beauty might I fancy the grotto of Calypso, where, if any where, Ulysses might have ceased to pine to see the "rising smoke of his native land."

Emerging from the forest, we stood in the open

land, on the summit of a hill, from which was afforded a prospect, which, for extent, beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, excelled all I had ever seen, or of which I had ever dreamed. The scene was wholly unexpected. It burst suddenly on us. Spontaneously and simultaneously we raised our hands, and uttered loud exclamations of admiration. On the east and on the south stretched away in unbroken expanse the sea. On the west, bordering the ocean, extended far in the dim distance a magnificent plain of evergreen forest. On the north, looming up in the clear sunset, appeared range after range of the grandest mountains on which, as it then seemed to us, human eye ever looked. The nearest range could not be less than fifty miles distant. It was darkened by the shadows of night. Far beyond it, gleaming in the bright evening sunbeam, arose another, magnificent, lofty, sublime. Its distance could not be less than one hundred miles.

What a landscape was that on which to look in the bright sunshine of a summer evening! It was worth a voyage to the moon or to the distant disk of Jupiter. We stood entranced at the glorious prospect, till the deep shadows fell on the scene, and the gathering darkness of night reminded us that we had rambled far from the city; nor knew we where we were. Observing a cart-road not far from us, we struck into it, and followed it, till we arrived at a comfortable farm-house, where we were kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained. In the morning we found our way back to the city.

Thus ended our ramble by the sea-side. It was a day of romance—a day long to be remembered by us—a day bringing within our view more scenes of beauty and of sublimity than any other day I ever spent.

THE SAVIOR.

THERE is but one Savior of the soul, but one Mediator between God and man—Jesus Christ. We can not look elsewhere and find deliverance from our low and fallen state. Our souls are diseased, and he is our physician. Our feet have wandered, and he is the Shepherd to bring us back to the fold of safety. The full solution of the dread mystery of man and the world can be expected only from Christ. For why? He alone understands it. He has passed up every step of the ladder from the child to the God—from the manger to the throne. He has felt the pulse of all being. Herod became grave in his presence, Pilate washed his hands from the shadow of his blood, Peter wept at his look, and Judas died at his recollection. Angels ministered to him, or sung his praise; the grave was ashamed of hiding his dust; earth threw his ransomed body up to heaven; and heaven sent forth all its guards and opened all its gates to receive him into its bosom.

OLDEN TIMES.

BY J. O. GOODR.

"The distance lends enchantment to the view."

OLDEN times! how venerable for their endearing memories, the noble deeds they chronicle, and the illustrious personages to whom they gave birth! Who does not recollect with pleasure the scenes of early times? We remember vividly the tender care of parents and the innocent sports of childhood; the country school-house, with its rustic urchins and authoritative pedagogue; the rural church, where the surrounding people, awaiting the hour of service, exchanged the hearty greeting; and the friendly inquiry; ay, and we remember the preacher, too, easily distinguished in those days by peculiarity of dress and the general accompaniment of a liberal traveling equipage. And these are the times to which we occasionally feel half inclined to look for the standards of excellence, both of individuals and actions. But, alas for our conclusions! for they hazard the assumption, that the world is retrograding in knowledge and virtue, without the aid of facts to sustain it. Such assumptions, however, have, in every age, been very common. We, at every point, hear of a "golden age" that has just preceded us. Who does not recollect hearing ancestors or aged friends speak, contrastingly, of the superiority of the times "when they were young?" Upward of a hundred years ago, the poet—Cowper—indulged in a similar vein, in reference to his native isle, and concluded that

"Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her [England's] children;"

but now,

"Farewell those honors, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter."

Another poet, who lived near two thousand years ago—as quoted and translated by a distinguished writer—said: "Our age is more vicious than that of our fathers. We are worse than our fathers were, and our children will be worse than we."

But it is an interesting inquiry, Are the present inferior to the former times? We venture a negative belief, at the hazard of being considered overcredulous. If we turn to the world of commerce, and to the facilities enjoyed for sectional and national intercommunication, we find space and time, comparatively, obliterated by the rapidity of travel and the momentary transmission of intelligence. History records no period that excels the present for the general diffusion of knowledge or the means of its dissemination. The issues of the press were never so accessible to the masses, nor the supply so nearly adequate to their demands. Scientific discoveries and improvements in artisanship are approaching standards heretofore unknown. The character and position of woman are more correctly appreciated, her influence more extended, and her

happiness an object of more active solicitude now than in olden times.

But it is in reference to the prevalence of fashion, and the changes and innovations on long-established customs, that contrast is most frequently instituted. Society has changed in many of its phases, but whether its customs are adhered to more tenaciously, or whether they diverge further from a correct standard than formerly, we are not prepared to determine. Nor have we any plea to urge in justification of fashionable follies—of which, alas! there is but too general an observance—nor of usages of doubtful propriety; and yet, if we may judge by the accounts of some of the old writers, such things are not more common now than in the olden times. A centennial bard, in speaking of the devotion to fashion in his time, says:

"We have run through every change, * *
And studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise."

While, in reference to the moral standard of the same time, he adds:

"Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time,
Not to be pass'd. But now—yes, now—
We are become so candid, and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity—good-natur'd age!—
That they are safe; sinners of either set
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough,
To pass us readily through ev'ry door."

But does Christianity promise as encouragingly now, as in former times, to fulfill the objects of its mission? If we look to the exhibitions of its beneficial and happyfying results as evidence—and we know of no other—we readily come to an affirmative conclusion. The instrumentality of the Christian ministry is still acknowledged in the annual conversion of thousands; and the distribution of the sacred volume, together with millions of pages of religious reading, are blessed to many more. The Sabbath school is a most important auxiliary in the extension of the Gospel; its saving truths here find lodgment in thousands of youthful minds otherwise neglected. A spirit of Christian enterprise is specially characteristic of our times. Houses of worship are every-where to be met, as well in rural districts as in populous towns and cities. Institutions have been founded for the purpose of conferring invaluable blessings on the afflicted and unfortunate of our race; and, in a peculiar sense, may it not be said, that we are witnesses of the literal re-enactment, at least to some extent, of those wonders by which the evangelical mission was at first accompanied—"the blind receive their sight, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak?" Should it occur to the reader, that it is assuming too much to attribute the establishment of such asylums to the growing influence of Christianity in the world, it need only be replied, that such institutions are peculiar to Christendom only. The Church seems

to be, more than at any former period, enlisted in every movement calculated to ameliorate the condition of mankind. When have so many missionaries volunteered the perilous service of carrying the Gospel to benighted lands? and when have the offerings of the Church been more abundant, for this and other purposes? Surely the march of Christianity is onward. It may be a question of secondary importance: "Is not that branch of Christianity, known and taught as Methodism, abating in its spirituality, power, and practice?" Since the days of Mr. Wesley, there have been those, *in* as well as *out* of her pale, who have ever been pointing to "primitive times" for evidence that she was retrograding in all these respects; yet—it is cause for thanksgiving—her extension has been progressive. And, without elaborating this point, we express the belief, that the doctrines of Christianity are as clearly taught and as well understood, her usages are as much admired and are as generally conformed to, and her religious worship is as devout, and her experience as clear and evangelical, taken as a whole, as in the *olden times*. In conclusion: the past has bestowed its legacies, taught its lessons, and delivered its warnings—it remains for us to improve them wisely.

THE RAIN-DROP.

BY J. B. L. SOULE.

Far in the mountain shades away,
 Within a solitary glen,
 Where human footsteps never stray,
 Nor human voice hath ever been—
 Upon a leaflet's pendent form,
 A drop of water, pure and bright,
 The relic of a dying storm,
 Hung sparkling in the morning light.
 The restive jay-bird in his round,
 Grown weary of his wanton note,
 Would in that globule ne'er have found
 Enough to wet his noisy throat.
 And when an undulating breeze
 The forest fanned with pinions light,
 Unheard, amid the trembling trees,
 It dropped, and vanished from the sight.
 But though departed, never lost
 Shall be what God himself hath made;
 The rain-drop from the leaflet tossed
 Still sparkled in the leaflet's shade;
 And there, by kindred drops beset,
 Embraced them with a new-born motion;
 And soon a trickling rivulet
 Began its journey to the ocean.
 Yet many a clod its feeble course
 Would oft perplex, and strive to stay;
 But, laboring with insidious force,
 It quick dissolved the sluggish clay.

Anon, as down the mountain side
 It swifter ran and deeper grew,
 No rocky rampart could abide
 The torrent as it headlong flew.
 The haughty oak began to feel
 Its power, and trembled as he felt;
 And he who scorned the tempest peal
 Submissive to the rain-drop knelt.
 And, bounding to the sunny field,
 A thousand tributary rills
 Ran with a babbling haste to yield
 The offering of a thousand hills.
 The weary ox, at close of day,
 Drew near to quaff the crystal wave;
 And dusty travelers loved to stay
 And in its limpid waters lave.
 The silvery fish, in sportive mood,
 Leaped joyful from its glassy breast;
 And wild fowl from the wilder wood
 Its banks with downy bosom pressed.
 Men turned them from the desert plains,
 And built their dwellings by its side;
 And fragrant flowers and golden grains
 Waved o'er the fertilizing tide.
 Thus, from the hidden depths of mind,
 Distilling like the dew of night,
 A crystal thought its way doth find,
 All sparkling with immortal light.
 But though departed, never lost
 Shall be what God himself hath made;
 That thought, upon the wide world tossed,
 Shall all its circling zones pervade.
 Charged with the elements of truth,
 All other truths shall to it cling,
 Till, like the fabled Fount of Youth,
 It flows a renovating spring.
 Before its strong and gathering tide
 No boasting monument shall stand
 Of human sophistry, and pride,
 And error, built upon the sand.
 To many a wilderness of mind
 It shall a verdant bloom impart,
 And leave of its sweet waves behind
 Deep flowing channels in the heart.
 And pilgrims o'er life's arid waste
 Shall throng its brink from age to age,
 And, as the vital draught they taste,
 Grow stronger for their pilgrimage.

TIME.

O, NEVER chide the wing of Time,
 Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!
 You'll find the days speed quick enough,
 If you but husband them aright.
 Thy span of life is waning fast;
 Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
 Thy soul's *eternity* depends
 Upon the record *moments* bear!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

BY REV. D. ST. J. FRY.

ONE unacquainted with the rise and progress of our language, would be led to infer that the literary genius of the English name was only unfolded in the poetical writing of her sons, who have attained to a fame which is recognized in all parts of the literary world. And so great is the array of names in this department of her literature, revealing a wealth of talent which has stamped the language with immortality, that the prose writers are scarcely read, even by those who pretend to a tolerable acquaintance with her great literary efforts. They would be startled if told that there are names in this department, also, half forgotten, or at least half read, which, in another day, and with some minds even now, are treasured not less than those of Milton, Shakspeare, and Pollok. The prose of Milton is only inferior to his poetry, breathing the same lofty sentiments; Bunyan's works are more read, but, in the interest of the subject, few see the pure, lucid style that envelops his unfading dream; Baxter, too, wrote with a strange earnestness and force; and we might place side by side with these a score of names who have given to our republic of letters a large support. The terse, careful Butler, the nervous South, the elegant Addison, the ocean-swell of Robert Hall, the heavy army-tramp of Chalmers, and the simplicity of Wesley have yielded us a mass of prose writing—a genuine eloquence in all its phases—the true foundation of our literary name for coming ages.

While numberless volumes of the *Paradise Lost*, Shakspeare, Young, and our better poetical writers are sown broadcast upon the land, the scholar must needs send to the mother country for an edition of her prose writers. He may, indeed, find one or more of their most popular works in every library; as the *Analogy* of Butler, the *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan, the *Saint's Rest* of Baxter, and the *Holy Living and Holy Dying* of Taylor; but their other works, especially their sermons, are not read. Some of my readers may say that the taste of the people does not call for them. We judge, rather, that they have not had an insight of their beauties to have known their worth. The talents of most of these writers are devoted to religion or philosophy, and are instructive in the greatest degree.

Among these prose writers none, to those who are acquainted with his works, holds a higher position than Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor. Many of our writers may surpass him in the fields of logic and polemics; but that which gives him his character, and in which he is pre-eminent, is a mild, sweet eloquence, that wins upon the reader or hearer like a spell of enchantment. His writings have that tenderness and unbounded love that makes the heart to think of home and the tender caresses of mother and sister; a garden

of living beauty, filled with the choicest flowers—not the glaring and luxurious splendor of the tropic, but the gentler loveliness of the north; the violet and the daisy nestled side by side, the sweet lily rippling the surface of the gentle stream, and the eglantine yielding up her incense to the passing shower.

Bishop Taylor was born at Cambridge, took his degree of Master of Arts at Caius College, and in 1633 was admitted to holy orders, being in his twentieth year of age. He commenced his public preaching shortly after as lecturer at St. Paul's Cathedral in London; and it appears that in his first efforts his auditory were astonished at his sweet and sublime eloquence, particularly so, as coming from one so young. The fame of his eloquence reached the ears of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, at whose request he preached at Lambeth, and through whose instrumentality Taylor was incorporated with Oxford College. Here he remained in a settled state, having married, till 1642. In the great contest between Charles and his Parliament, Taylor sided with the King, and, at his request, published several controversial treatises; received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the King's command. There is much obscurity about his life; but we know that he was with the army, for a short time, in the capacity of chaplain, was taken prisoner, and remained in prison. In 1648 he was again settled, and married the second time, his first wife being dead; and in this year he published his popular work, "*Holy Living and Holy Dying*." Visiting London in 1660, he was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor, and, at the close of the same year, a member of the Irish Privy Council. He mingled his discourses, in his new capacity, with such charity that the opposition of the Puritanical clergy softened down, and they learned to love him. His labor of love was continued near seven years. He died, after ten days' sickness, on the 13th of August, 1667, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The English Church has presented but few bishops as worthy of the station as Jeremy Taylor, so clothed in deep humility and ceaseless charity. His mind was free from bigotry, and his pursuit of truth was with a bold, free spirit, and an acute intellect disciplined with extensive learning. His literary labors were large, as will be seen from an enumeration of his principal works: "*Liberty of Prophecy*," "*Life of Christ*," "*Holy Living and Holy Dying*," "*Unum Necessarium*," "*Ductor Dubitantium*," "*The Worthy Communicant*," and "*Contemplations on the State of Man*." We may add to these about one hundred sermons and several works of less importance, which occupied a large share of his time, written, like many of the works of Baxter, for the especial use of his congregations and the instruction of their children, in whom he took a deep interest.

The fame of Taylor, however, is based upon his well-known work, in two parts, "*Holy Living and*

Holy Dying;" being a series of rules and exercises intended to deepen and carry on successfully a work of grace within the heart, and for which they are admirably calculated. They were composed at the suggestion or desire of Lady Carbery, the wife of Richard Vaughen, Earl of Carbery. Their residence was within the bounds of Taylor's parish, and known as the Golden Grove. They were his most intelligent friends and patrons; and he showed his appreciation of their delicate attentions by calling "a manual for children," one of his minor works, "Golden Grove."

The work spoken of above was published in separate parts, and dedicated to the Earl. Before the publication of the second part—"Holy Dying"—the Christian soul whose piety had proposed it had gone to enjoy her rest in the Redeemer's bosom, and Taylor thus touchingly alludes to it in the dedication:

"My lord, it is your dear lady's anniversary, and she deserved the biggest honor, and the longest memory, and the fairest monument, and the most solemn mourning: and in order to it, give me leave, my lord, to cover her hearse with these following sheets. This book was intended first to minister to her piety: and she desired all good people should partake of the advantages which are here recorded: she knew how to live rarely well, and she desired to know how to die; and God taught her by an experiment. But since her work is done, and God supplied her with provisions of his own, before I could minister to her, and perfect what she desired, it is necessary to present to your lordship those bundles of cypress, which were intended to dress her closet, but come now to dress her hearse. My lord, both your lordship and myself have lately seen and felt such sorrows of death, and such sad departure of dearest friends, that it is more than high time we should think ourselves concerned in the accidents. Death hath come so near to you as to peck a portion from your very heart: and now you can not choose but dig your own grave, and place your coffin in your eye, when the angel hath dressed your scene of sorrow and meditation with so particular and so near an object; and therefore, as is my duty, I am come to minister to your pious thoughts, and to direct your sorrows, that they may turn into virtues and advantages." Was there ever a sweeter, more eloquent appeal made to a scathed heart than this? Surely such language must have led it to the cross.

Both parts of the work are elegant, and filled with eloquent sympathy and appeals to the heart, but we like the latter the best. The heart of the Christian does not dread the tomb, nor the thought of dying, for "love casteth out fear." In the "general considerations preparatory to death," there is one passage which, though often quoted, we would repeat again:

"Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two: and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-

houses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of the autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats, and surfeits, and dies, and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves."

Listen, reader, also, to the following excellent paragraph:

"Some are called at age, at fourteen; some, at one-and-twenty; some, never; but all men, late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaches toward the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life."

But did we propose to cull the beauties of Taylor out of his works a small volume would soon be completed, and one, too, we think, which would compete with the elegance and eloquence of any other writer. He wrote for the good of his fellow-men; and his little book, of which we have spoken particularly, has done great good to many, and they know how to prize it. Such would be the influence of his other works if circulated. Why will religious persons, or at least those professing so to be, choose the works of novelists, on account of the beauty of their language and purity of the sentiment, when we have mines of such ore, a thousand times more pure, among Christian writers? We hope the day may soon come when we shall be better acquainted with such works, and find a delight in their perusal. The soul can not be satiated upon the flimsy trash which forms the mass of present reading among young people. No, not till you can quench its immortal spark. If the intellect be such a glorious creature, as men say, and as all believe, but dependent upon nurture, why not give it such food as will make it of herculean strength and angelic purity? Shall the soul pale with the damps of delusion, when it may as easily breathe of the pure air of heaven? When

we thirst, give us not liquid fire, that shall rage and burn within, creating an undying thirst.

But to our author once more, for we desire to close our article with a small quotation. Speaking of burials, he says:

"Something is to be given to custom, something to form, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honor of the deceased friends; for that man is esteemed to die miserable for whom no friend or relation sheds a tear, or pays a solemn sigh. I desire to die a *dry death*, but am not desirous to have a *dry funeral*: some flowers sprinkled upon my grave would do well and comely; and a soft shower to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors as my servants carry the entrails of beasts."

LAGO MAGGIORE.

BY WILLIAM SATER.

Who has not heard of this beautiful sheet of water, either through historic legend or romantic tale? Its principal charm, however, is its wonderful natural beauty, which a love of art has contributed, in no small degree, to enhance and celebrate. It is an object of travel to men of leisure, affords many a lovely scene for the glowing canvas of the painter, and is the desire of all whose fancy has been aroused by descriptions of its varied beauties.

The climate is mild, the heat, even in summer, being seldom oppressive; and the rich variety of the scenery is not to be surpassed. On the north rise the Swiss Alps; on the south the rich and luxuriant fields of Italy burst on the view, forming a paradise brighter than the brightest creation of the poet's fancy. The eye is delighted by the succession of natural wonders which are developed while following the windings of this beautiful sheet of water. First you behold the sublime crown of mountains by which it is nearly encircled, below them stands Mt. Rosa on the bank of the Laveno, and far away in the distant blue Simplon towers in solitary grandeur; wood-crowned heights overhang the clear waters, beautiful villages rest on the declivities, stately towers rise, and blooming gardens wreath the Italian shore.

The lake is bounded on the north by the Swiss canton Tessin, on the east by the Lombardian district, and on the west by the kingdom of Sardinia: thus three states claim a right in this lovely spot. The Ticino, on the north, brings down its tribute from the Alps; on the east the Toccia contributes its melted snows from the glacier sources of the Simplon; and on the west the Tresa brings the sparkling waters of the Luganzer Sea.

Lago Maggiore is about nine miles in length, from north to south; and in this distance it describes three beautiful curves. Its southern outlet

is through the Ticino, a stream which flows into the Po. The breadth varies, and thus contributes greatly to its beauty. Between Ravenna and Laveno, where a number of islands form a small archipelago, it is about a mile and a half across; but in the southern part, between Arona and Angera, it is only twelve hundred paces.

Of the islands scattered over its glassy surface, the Borromeo Islands are worthy of particular notice; they are four in number, and in name as follows: Isola San Giovanni, Isola Pescadore, Isola Bella, and Isola Madre—the last two are of incomparable beauty, and deserve a particular description.

Isola Bella was originally a naked rock, but, by the care and labor bestowed upon it by the Borromeo family, from whom it received its name, it has been transformed into a blooming island. The toil and labor it must have cost to cover it with rich soil, and adorn it with all the plants and flowers congenial to that clime, can not easily be imagined. Indefatigable perseverance, however, has changed the naked rock into a luxuriant garden, and it stands as a monument of the taste and genius of those by whom it has been made to smile. The rarest plants abound. Palms, groves of olive, clumps of orange-trees, laurel, pomegranates, and cypress rise there; bowers of jasmine, myrtle, and roses fill the air with fragrance; and ever and anon green spots burst on the view, where bubbling fountains send forth their pearly waters; magnificent statues embellish the scene, and golden pheasants charm the eye with their rich plumage.

Smaller, less dazzling, but still lovelier, is Isola Madre. All the plants of the former isle, with the addition of the fig and cactus, abound there, and a palace of exquisite beauty rises in the midst.

The view of the lake and its banks, when chestnuts, mulberries, and olives are ripening, is one of indescribable beauty. In a word, nature seems there to have concentrated all her beauties to form a perfect Elysium.

THE CUTTING DOWN OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE prophets and apostles "*cut down?*" No such thing! They are planted on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi; and there they are to be seen, vigorous and strong. They have been planted upon the sun-burnt shores of Africa, and there they afford refreshment and shelter to the neglected children of the south. They have taken root on the populous plains of Hindoostan, and there they are diffusing their corrective influence on the poisonous systems which have prevailed in those populous climes. "*Cut down*" the prophets and the apostles! O no, no! their roots have struck deep—their branches have spread—their tops touch the sky; they afford shelter for birds of every wing; they likewise are continually yielding their fruit, and "*their leaves are for the healing of the nations.*"

LABOR! LABOR!

BY PROFESSOR D. J. PINCKNEY.

LABOR is needful to moral excellence. Need we be told that our appetites, passions, and propensities require restraint and proper training? that human nature is a garden, where weeds grow in wild luxuriance, choking the tender vines of virtue? that the former must be lopped and trampled down, yea, rooted out, and the latter trained into sunshine and perseveringly watered? Does not the language of the Master point to labor in this field? Listen to him: "*Deny yourselves—strive to enter—run for the prize—contend for the faith—labor for the meat—fight—lay hold on eternal life—keep your heart with all diligence—work out your salvation with fear and trembling.*" These are the words of Him who was, and is, and is to come. And so great is the labor requisite for subduing passions and properly regulating the moral feelings, that the Lord declareth by the mouth of the "*wise man,*" "He that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city." If evil passions are followed, strength is induced, feeling is hardened, conscience is seared, and the whole soul rendered impervious to remorse. Toil in transgression did this for a Hazeel; it did this for a Robespierre; each became the demon at the idea of which before he shuddered. "In the way of the transgressor there is, indeed, a snare." This labor to become depraved, *demonized*, is not so much a toil; for it is only sweeping down the current of sin. The man needs but yield to passion's fire, and it will brighten, and glow, and billow in his bosom, till his very veins will run lightning. But turn to stem this current, and you find toil at every step. There is a difficulty to remove, an obstacle to surmount, an enemy to vanquish. The sturdy oak is much shaken by storm and torn by tempest ere it can stand firm against them. So he who first resists evil: the blast shakes him like an aspen; he bends to every breath; but struggling gives him strength; each effort sends the roots deeper, makes the heart stronger, the whole constitution more hardy, till passion's storms and sin's fires neither shake nor scathe him. Passions, fiery and strong, belong to human nature, and it is the work of a noble soul to curb them.

Paul felt the mighty war of contending elements within; but he felt also a *Divinity* there that could say with authority, "*Peace, be still!*" But this was not obtained without continued and mighty toil. He even calls it "a war in his members."

"Who would the title of true worth were his
Must vanquish vice.
The bravest trophy ever man obtained
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath gained."

But again: it is only necessary to be *idle*; to let evil have its full scope; cease to toil, and passion runs away with the whole soul. The idle mind is, indeed, the "*devil's work-shop.*" It is listless and open to the easy access of all vices and all passions.

"While men slept, the enemy sowed *tares.*" It is even so yet. Sluggish idleness is the nurse of all vices. Who are they that are lost to character, honor, and usefulness, but the idle? Who have ever been ready for any dark, deadly deed but the idle? The profligate youth may fritter away his early years, not only to no good purpose, but the want of employment opens the door for sin, and in rushes the current, which, roaring furiously, bears him on to crime, suffering, and eternal disgrace. "Man's first step out of business," says Addison, "is into vice, and his last into hell."

"See the issue of your sloth:

Of sloth comes pleasure; of pleasure comes riot;
Of riot comes disease; of disease comes spending;
Of spending comes want; of want comes theft;
Of theft comes murder, hanging, hell."

The evils of idleness are every-where manifest to individuals and to nations. The cells of our prisons, our ignominious scaffolds, will tell this. Sparta flourished while her sons were hardy and purified by toil; but when they became enervated and corrupt, her power was at an end. Rome lived and grew when on the farm, in the senate, and in the field her every son was willing to toil; but when luxury and effeminacy crept in, when plotting and intrigue, bribery and corruption, were considered more certain roads to wealth and honor than noble exertion, she opened her gates to her traitorous incendiaries and ambitious oppressors, and paved the way to her own ruin. There is necessity, then, for mental labor to preserve the mind from the evils consequent upon idleness. The mind, if not growing better, will become worse. "The serpent must have its file."

"Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe;
It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend;
The tempter quits his vain pursuits, and flies."

No excellence without toil. It is labor gives strength to the moral qualities; it is labor gives expansion. No man becomes altogether good or evil at once. Especially must his *graces* grow within him, strengthening by degrees, till they reach the stature of perfection. A Howard, a Wesley, a Fletcher—whence had they their magnanimity of soul, their oneness of purpose, their devotedness, their purity of heart? Under God's blessing, *from labor*. It was not the work of an hour: it sprang from the toil and prayers of years. What was a Wesley's motto but "to cease at once to work and live?"—a Whitefield's but "no rest this side the grave?" The gold and the diamond do not fall from heaven; they are dug from the earth. He who would gain the costly pearl must try the ocean's depth. And the clear gem that sparkles in the king's coronet is washed and wrought out by the secret yet ceaseless dash of the ocean's wave on far-off, rocky shores. By labor the air and water are purified; by labor the mind is turned to holy purposes, to heavenly aspirations. The young in grace, the weak and yielding, become deep in piety and mighty in virtue; so much so that right is

always easy, wrong most difficult. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Imbue the mind deeply with the love of truth and purity, and they will live in it; they will shine out. See yonder youth in the course of moral training in the Sabbath school. By continued exertion, one degree above another the mind rises in moral excellence till sin loses its charm, Satan his power over it, virtue is beautiful, and purity "all in all."

The soul, by labor, like the mountain lake in Scotland, may be walled in so high on every side that no wind shall stir its bosom; and in the rude glaring of life's daylight the holy stars of heaven will be mirrored in its clear blue depths.

Labor is needful to a knowledge of ourselves. Our system is complicated and full of mystery. It is no pleasing dream of a listless hour to know our physical, mental, and moral powers. No, no! it is the careful work of many a weary hour and day to become acquainted with ourselves, and know how much we may endure or enjoy.

"The heart is deceitful above all things. Who can know it?" Hence says the Psalmist, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults;" faults hidden from himself in the dark recess of his mind. By experience the man learns how much his muscles and nerves can sustain. After he has tried, again and again, his powers at a weight, he can readily determine what is within and what without their compass. And this knowledge can only be gained by actual trial. So with mind. The idle mind knows not its strength, and, hence, sleeps on in inglorious ease, playing with a child's toys, or, by a presumptuous effort, breaks its nerve, and falls beneath a burden which it should never have touched. Labor shows our talent, and where we may best apply it. Cicero makes it a moral duty "to look carefully every one to himself, and consider well what is his peculiar genius, and endeavor to make the best use of it that he is able, and not foolishly try how he can succeed in what is this or that man's talent; otherwise stage-players will seem wiser than we; for they, when they pitch upon what they will act, choose not always those parts that are best, but those best suited to their abilities." The question often arises, "What would this or that great man have done had he chosen this or that calling?" In many other callings he would have done well; for the spirit of labor that urges a man to make baske's well will also prompt him to learn to polish a crown; but in no place can he work so successfully as where his genius directs. O, how many waste all their lives in combating Nature; in trying to work where she never designed they should! We are not of those who would have Nature be the sole guide. No; we admire the exclamation of the old German philosopher upon that subject when, in looking upon the actions of the professed followers of pure nature, he cried out, "O, dear Nature, thou art a little too natural!" But nature must not be altogether disregarded and violated. The animal crea-

tion are a lesson to us in this respect. Why do we not learn from them?

"Brutes find out where their talents lie;
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;
But man we find the only creature,
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

But, further, this knowledge of *self* gives also a knowledge of men. What know we of men save "the spirit of a man that is in us?" Know ourselves and we know others. Would we move others, and sway the many for their good—for our mutual good? We must know the cords of human nature—which to pull, and which to leave at rest. How is it the blind old Grecian bard for centuries has swayed, soothed, melted the souls of men? He labored to know himself, and, knowing himself, he knew others. He wrote to nature; he wrote to man; he touched the soul; and he has a place in the universal heart. The heart of the "big world," beating in unison with the motion of his breathing lyre, is his lasting monument, built to "outdure the sun."

The knowledge of the heart, of its passions and emotions, is the weapon of the orator. With it he can shake men as the blast shakes the forest, and melt them as the sun melts the yielding wax. Will it be wrong for the philanthropist to gain and use this knowledge of hearts, to win them to wisdom, to Christ, to heaven? Is this wide of what is meant by becoming "all things to all men?" I trow not.

To labor of mind we owe all knowledge, all arts, all sciences. Each has had its infancy, its growth. Beautiful as is the fair temple of knowledge, the time has been when its corner-stone was laid, and by continued effort, for ages, stone on stone has been slowly piled, till it has at last reached its present towering height and fair proportions. If privileged to stand within its sacred portals, let us not forget that which reared it. Every principle has been discovered by some one; every law framed by a toiling mind. Newton, Locke, Boyle, Stewart, Luther, Melancthon, Wickliff, Wesley, Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dryden, and a thousand others, have toiled in their respective departments, and we reap the fruit of their labors in the fullness of philosophy, the richness of theology, and the beauty of poetry. We turn at our leisure, and feast our souls on these; but they cost others labor. The discovery of this new world, with all its vast resources of knowledge and enjoyment was a work of toil. The achievement of our liberty was a work of toil and blood, and so was the Gospel of our salvation. Verily, "other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors."

Mental labor yields good fame. A thirst for noble praise is laudable. We can not agree with those who ever inveigh against a desire for worthy fame. We like the language of Akenside upon this subject:

"If to spurn at noble praise
Be passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given."

I remember "the voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and the exhortation of Paul, "Covet earnestly the best gifts," and those words of the preacher, "A good name is better than precious ointment." "Those men," says Cicero, "who write against a desire for noble fame are ever sure to fix their names to their works," thus, by one natural act, destroying all their artificial work. Man should be aspiring among his fellow-men, but humble and abased before his God. With the dignity of a man among men, let him assert his right to an elevated niche in the temple of holy fame; but before his God humility is in place. Low is the vale from which the saint goes up on high.

"Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces;
They that enter there must go upon their knees."

But honorable fame is obtained only by labor. This is the philosopher's stone, the Aladdin's lamp, the *sine qua non*. The statues that almost move and breathe, that hand down the names of a Phidias and a Michael Angelo, live because they bear the stamp of mind's energies. A Raphael, a Guido, an Apelles, live because they had laboring minds—because they toiled by day and by night. Conquerors have lived; but where? On the pages of history; in the breathings of song. Many heroes fought bravely and fell fearlessly before Agamemnon; and why are they not remembered? They found no Homer to sing their praise. "Had Homer never written," said Cicero, "the same tomb that holds his body would have buried his fame."

Labor creates a love for science—yields a delight and happiness in the pursuit of letters. There is a refined sensibility in the man of mental toil, and upon this every new truth flashes a holy ray, and spreads a heavenly warmth which the uncultivated know not. Look at the wild delight of Archimedes as he rushes from the bath, uttering, through the streets of Syracuse, the triumphant "*Eureka!*" The joy of Pythagoras on the discovery of the celebrated proposition showing the relation of a square on the hypotenuse to the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle, was so great that he offered up a whole hecatomb of oxen, in testimony of his gratitude and exultation. Could the "master of sculptors" have had any other than a pleasing and delightful emotion when he wrought those noble forms that have defied the lapse of time? See him when he had finished his statue of Moses! His soul was so full of zeal in the work, so swelling with a noble enthusiasm, that he gazed a moment at the lifelike form, then hurled his

chisel at it, and exclaimed, "Now, speak!" Think you not a Milton, in his Paradise, felt the gale, saw the trees and streams, and listened to the sweet music of the holy place, though himself on earth? Ay, verily he did; it was all there, in his "mind's eye," clear and bright.

Patient reader, you have seen the character and effects of *labor*, while we have made it pass in brief review before you. You see the incentives, the necessity, the encouragements of labor. You are, may be, in the vigor of life, the season of action. A field of labor is open before you, and you have, no doubt, determined on toil—noble toil—in it. It is well. This is your May-day of existence. Short and fleeting are the shadows of youth; here to-day; to-morrow gone.

"Gather the rose-buds while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying;
For that same flower that blooms to-day
To-morrow shall be dying."

Would you expand your powers? Would you quicken your perception? Would you strengthen your memory? Would you be eminent in science and letters? Labor by night, by day. Would you have the fountain of your heart pure? Would you be among the good and holy of earth? Would you be fit for heaven? Labor. Would you get a fame that shall live on forever? Labor. Would you do good, much good in the world? Would you have an evening of life peaceful, revered, and honored, when the physical energies are relaxed? Labor mentally; labor cheerfully; labor energetically, perseveringly. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might."

Get the spirit of your work. Make your labor your delight. Be not whipped to duty. No; unless you love your toil, it will result in little—very little. Sit down to work as an epicure to a feast. Love it as did a Huet, who had to be urged from his study to his meals. This will warrant success.

Labor systematically. If you acquire knowledge, and store it in no order, it will be in the mind the confusion of chaos, requiring a power omnipotent to call any thing out of it.

Labor perseveringly. It is not the single though mighty effort that accomplishes most. A few may have a masterly genius, and do astonishingly for once; but perseverance will always. Difficulties may press you, but you must struggle against them. Give not back. Breast the opposition. If you can not go directly up the hill, wind around and around it, and, by a steady effort, gain the top. You have seen the pebble washed whiter than the fleeces around the moon, and made a thing of cost and ornament by the untiring wave. There is a moral in it—the wave, the ceaseless wave. Three times had the Eddystone Light-house been built as a beacon to the mariner, and three times had the storm beat on the structure, till the wave rushed over it forever. Hundreds of lives were lost yearly. At length John Smeaton undertook its construction; but whenever the ocean was tempest-stirred, the

billows dashed fifty feet above the rock; and how was he to place his foundation upon that sea-buried spot? For sixteen long months fifty men struggled with him, and, out of that time, there were not two months in which he could proceed with his labor. Such was the difficulty. Yet persevering toil overcame; and there stands the Eddystone Light-house, ten miles from land, rooted in the rock, and towering into the air seventy feet, crowned with a twenty-foot lantern. The waves growl around its base, and dash over its top, and yet it stands a lasting monument of untiring industry. Would you become beacon-lights to the wanderers on life's ocean? Plant deep the roots of knowledge; raise high the fabric of usefulness, light head and heart from on high, and send forth a clear, heavenly ray throughout the world. Yield not to opposition.

"Son of science, theme of story,
Think of the reward before ye;
Danger, darkness, toil despise,
And to usefulness arise.
He who'd science's heights ascend
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand, and foot, and knee he tries;
For 'tis honor bids him rise.
Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye—
A laborer's power, a laborer's glory."

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MONTPELIER.

"The few we liked, the one we loved,
A sacred band, come stealing on,
And many a form, far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone."

It is an hour of rest. The toils and cares of the day are past, the fatigue of labor has ceased, and the world falls into harmony with the musing of the tranquil or the gloomy mind. The heavens are robed, perhaps, in clouds; or the moon, rising above the horizon, pours her silver light over hill, and vale, and stream, while the stars, peeping from their home of blue, bear testimony that God has not forgotten his great family, but has drawn around them the curtains of repose. The husbandman has returned from his fields, the laborer from his toil, and each, composing his mind, lays him down upon his couch to rest. The sad at heart throws off his burdens, and oblivion, for a time, passes over all his sorrows. The traveler, far distant from home, ceases to count the miles that intervene between him and all he loves, and the lonely prisoner forgets to measure the walls of his dungeon. The sighs of the captive arise no more, and the poor slave finds sleep sweet to his worn down frame. The sea boy, far from his native land, forgets the mother that mourns for the return of her erring son, while the heart-sick voyager, with the tear still

standing on his cheek, slumbers in calm forgetfulness of all the dangers of the deep. The wanton schoolboy has put aside his task, and sought a continuance of his pleasures in the dreams of the night. The young and the old, the infant and the man, the sad and the gay, all lie down alike in the night, and seek rest for the soul and the body.

It is an hour for serious thought. In the noise and bustle of the day the mind is too much occupied with external objects, with every thing around it, to look within itself. It may try; but it will be a work of extreme difficulty. But when the evening hour is come, and the cares of the day are gone, the heart can dwell aloof from the world, and recall all the scenes of the past, and contemplate the events of the future. The bright visions of childhood, called up by memory, greet our view, while the joys of youth fall upon our heart like the "calm melody of distant music, sweet and mournful to the soul." How many a one, who felt as we now feel, and who looked upon the heavens, in the holy hour of evening, with an eye to admire and a heart to adore, is now sleeping in the dreamless grave! There is the friend of our early days, who mingled with us in the social circle and imbibed with us the same kindred feelings and pleasures. How deep and undisturbed his repose! Here is one who, in life's young spring, roved the woods and fields, or climbed the hills and sailed upon the river with us; but his limbs are cold and stiff, his heart is still, and the voice of merriment and joy is unheard in the gloomy chambers of death. Yonder, perhaps, lies a father or a mother who once guided our erring feet and corrected our wandering hearts; but they can counsel us no more. And farther on repose the remains of a brother or a sister who shared with us all the joys and griefs of life; but they can add nothing now to our joy, nor take aught from our misery. They sleep; yes, sleep the long, deep sleep of death.

Soon, too, will it be time for us to cease the labors and toils of life, and to lie down in the grave. The evening hour of life is coming speedily upon us. We may hope to put it far off. We may wish to enjoy the pleasures of this world for long years to come. But this can not be. However much beloved and admired here; however perfect our health; however much we cling to life, we must at last bid the world and all we love adieu. Silent and alone our bed will be made in the bosom of the cold earth. No friend can accompany us there. No father or mother, no brother or sister, no husband or wife can go with us through the valley of the shadow of death. None but Jesus can smooth our passage to the tomb, and none but him can guide us safely to the land of rest. Is this guide your guide, fond reader, and will Christ at last conduct you to heaven? Happy, supremely happy, then, are you! Trust him still; follow in his footsteps here; and know that

"He who in his statutes treads
Shall meet him in the skies."

GENERAL READING.

BY REV. WESLEY COCHRAN.

WE have but few new ideas. Our thoughts may appear to us to be new, but generally the same have occupied other minds; and perhaps, though unconsciously, we have received them from others. We collect most of our ideas from some source foreign to ourselves; and, as any particular occasion on which we may wish to use them may require, we remodel them to suit our habits of thought.

Without reading we should find our numerous resources for thought very much restricted. Each of our senses may be active, and may be instrumental in conveying ideas to our understanding, but, without the written page, we should profit only a little from the observation and experience of others. By reading we have access to the best thoughts of the best minds. Much that has been written in former days, being only of temporary interest, or for some other reason not worth preserving, does not incumber our thoughts. What are preserved we may suppose are generally the most valuable productions of the ancients. The productions of our own age are very numerous; and, though among them much trashy and useless matter is found, we can select from among them books teeming with the best thoughts which have ever floated in our world.

With such resources for valuable ideas, who that has his senses can reconcile his desire or conscience to the supplies of his own unaided genius or to the creations of his own imagination? By associating with the best minds in the way of reading their productions, may not the powers of the mind be excited to activity, be invigorated, and be exalted to a higher sphere of action and enjoyment?

OBJECTS OF READING.

Some read to pass away time. When business or some lucrative pursuit can be followed, books get no attention. But while waiting, as for an appointed hour of business, or for public conveyance and the like, to beguile the passing hour, a book may supply employment. The instruction to the reader or lasting benefit, if any, is merely incidental. And generally the kind of reading called for to supply such want is of the lightest and most transient cast. This and other circumstances being considered, it is evident that reading with only this as the leading object will not make the reader much wiser or better.

Reading for such purpose may be distinguished from filling up vacant moments by reading with a nobler design.

Some read for amusement. And they must have books that will amuse; of course, books of instruction will be liable to be passed by. Fiction will best please; and the love of excitement produced by this will become habitually more and more strong. The habit of resort to such excitement may become very much like that of using certain drugs:

it may be difficult to break. It may disqualify the mind for other more healthy and useful exercises.

Some read to collect facts. They pursue this course without any particular order or design of use. The book which has the most interesting facts, the best told, gets their ready attention. Such reading is not performed as an important duty of life, but as an incidental and agreeable exercise.

How many read with no more definite or important aim than some one of these named! This, in part, accounts for the floods of light and foolish productions of the pen which flow through our country. Now, ought it not to be the case that our reading should be for the purpose of strengthening and enlightening the mind and of improving the heart, and this frequently selected with a view to practical usefulness?

Yet some study merely for advantage in their particular calling. The farmer is induced to read books on agriculture, and farmers' sons will go to a neighboring school till they can cipher and write a little, and sometimes they will study chemistry and a few other branches of knowledge, that they may do well as farmers; the mechanic devotes his attention to those works which give instruction in his particular trade; and the professional man, actuated by this utilitarian spirit, confines his study to his profession. The mother and daughter, according to such view of utility, should not waste time in study, except to know a little. Why, surely, it is urged, they should not study theology, for they are not called to preach; and, for a similar reason, they will have no occasion to study political economy and civil jurisprudence; and they need but little information from books to follow any mechanical arts suited to their sex. Though a few may become skillful teachers of youth in the higher branches of literature, are they not encroaching upon the proper sphere of the men? Is not their proper sphere in the nursery? And, really, of what use is it that a farmer's or mechanic's wife should be a scholar? She can cook, and wash, and sew—can help *earn money* without knowing much. And should not the companion of a scholar modestly let him do the thinking and study, and she be content to learn of her husband—to receive instruction at second-hand, as he may see fit to parcel it out? Let her consider that wife means "help-meet;" and can this require her to aspire to attainments corresponding to his, whereby she could reciprocate enjoyment and benefit, as his companion and nearest associate? She can superintend domestic affairs—her proper sphere—can wait upon her husband and his company, and thus be a "help-meet," if she has polite and showy accomplishments, though with an uncultivated, uninformed mind. So her time and ability is thought of but little worth. Her time may be spent upon trifles, or in doing nothing, with no criminality.

If persons can sincerely adopt such language, they must have very limited views of human duties

and interest; their minds must be unenlightened by the great principles of revelation, or be controlled by selfish and contracted considerations. If it is allowed that woman's mind, as well as man's, is a part of the Creator's endowment, which the Scriptures represent to be a talent committed for use as stewards; if the woman is designed to be the associate, the companion of the man, a "help-meet" with *mind* and *heart*; if mental philosophers have never discovered any attribute of mind in one sex not found in the other; but if in almost or quite every respect those called the weaker have been known to exhibit powers of mind and attainments equal to the stronger, and have been successful in giving counsel and comfort, and otherwise doing good with their acquirements; if history shows that the rising of nations in civilization and the blessings of a pure morality has been simultaneous with the elevation of woman in intellectual and moral culture, then, surely, it is plain that all classes, females included, should be induced to read and study, not merely for amusement, or to pass away the time, or to collect stories, or for the narrowed purpose of fitness for one calling, but rather, as before named, all should give attention to reading with a view to strengthen, enlighten, and store the mind, to improve the heart; and thus to become more happy and useful.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF DEATH.

"DEATH robs us of all things!" exclaims the sordid worldling. "To die is gain!" responds the expectant believer. "Death is an eternal sleep," affirms the boasting Atheist. "The dead in Christ shall awake, and come forth, incorruptible, immortal, and glorified," replies the confiding Christian. "Death is the King of all Terrors," tremblingly exclaims the unprepared traveler to the grave. "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" shouts the trusting disciple of the cross. "All that I have will I give for my life!" groans the dying lover of the world. "I would not live always," responds the emancipated follower of the Prince of life.

"Who, who would live alone, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?"

sings the enraptured saint.

Why this difference, when death, in its physical effects, is precisely alike in all cases? The phenomenon is solved when we go to the word of God. The righteous has a "hope in his death," but the expectation of the wicked shall perish, and he is driven away in his wickedness. The "end" of the "perfect man" "is peace," but "there is no peace for the wicked."

Dear reader, fear God while living, and then you will have no fear when death comes upon you "like an armed man," and you commence your journey through the dark valley.

RETROSPECTION.

—
BY JAMES POMMILL.

—
Written at the Tomb of a Friend.

I WELL remember, dearest friend,
When we were boys together,
The light of joy shone on our paths,
And life had sunny weather;
Then as we wandered, arm in arm,
The dewy fields of life,
The rays of hope and friendship fell
On hearts that knew no strife.
But ah! that time is shaded by
The twilight of dim years;
Thy cherished voice is silent now,
But Mem'ry hath its tears
To weep upon the hallowed sod
That grows above thy rest;
My heart's best feelings seem to say,
That thou art with the blest.
Oft in the stillness of the night
Thy beaming face I see,
And by the stream and through the wood
I roam again with thee;
And in the fairy land of dreams
I feel that summer weather
That shed its sunshine on the heart
When we were boys together.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

—
BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

Each star of night, whose silver hue
So softly gilds the heaven's deep blue,
To God directs the Christian's eye—
His wisdom guides its course on high.
Each flower upspringing from the sod
Richly displays the skill of God;
Gives beauty to the garden wide,
Or decorates the mountain's side.
The lambkin sporting on the lea,
The droning fly or busy bee,
The small fish 'neath the fountain's brim,
All, all derive their life from him.
He sees the eagle as it flies
Far through the deep ethereal skies;
He sees the sparrow trembling fall—
His providence is over all.
How dimly doth man's weary eye
Behold the glories of the sky!
How blindly doth he grope among
The wonders that to earth belong!
But God, the wise, the infinite,
The Source of beauty and of light,
Hears e'en his feeblest creature call—
His providence is over all.

SIP FROM AN ESSAYIST.

BY ARCHIBALD PLAGIARY.

DRYDEN, THE POET.

THE public voice has assigned Dryden a first place in the second rank of poets—no mean station in a table of intellectual precedence, so rich in illustrious names. Even of the few who were his superiors in genius, none have exercised a greater or more permanent influence on the habits of thought and expression. He commenced his career by the most frantic outrages upon the taste of his time. He terminated it in the repose of established sovereignty, the originator of a new literary code.

Amidst the crowd of authors who, during the early years of Charles II, courted notoriety by every species of absurdity and affectation, Dryden speedily became conspicuous. No man exerted so much influence on the age. His whole literary career exhibited, on a reduced scale, the history of the school to which he belonged—the rudeness and extravagance of its infancy, the propriety, the grace, the dignified good sense, the temperate splendor of its maturity. He began with empty mouthing; he gradually acquired the energy of the satirist, the gravity of the moralist, the rapture of the lyrist. The revolution through which literature has been passing, from the time of Cowley to that of Scott, may be seen in miniature in his writings. The year 1678 is that on which we should be inclined to fix as the date of a great change in his manner. During the preceding period appeared some of his courtly panegyrics, his *Annus Mirabilis*, and most of his plays; in fact, *all* his rhyming tragedies. To the subsequent period belong his best dramas—*All for Love*, *The Spanish Friar*, and *Sebastian*—his satires, his translations, his didactic poems, and his odes. Of the small pieces which were presented to chancellors and princes we need scarcely speak. They are made up of meanness and bombast. They abound with the conceits which his immediate predecessors had brought into fashion. But his language and his versification were already superior to theirs. The *Annus Mirabilis* shows great command of expression, and a fine ear for heroic rhyme. Here end its merits. Not only has it no claims to be called poetry, but it seems to be the work of a man who could not possibly write poetry. Its affected similes are the best part of it. Gaudy weeds present a better appearance than universal barrenness. It is made up, not of pictures, but of inferences. If it was from the *Annus Mirabilis* that Milton formed his opinion, when he pronounced Dryden a good rhymers but no poet, he was certainly correct. His plays are admirable subjects for those who wish to study the morbid anatomy of the drama. He lacked the power of exhibiting real human beings. His men are not even good personifications; they are not well-assorted assemblages of qualities. Now and then, it is true, he seizes a marked distinction, and gives, not a likeness, but a

strong caricature, in which a single peculiarity is protruded, and all else neglected. These are the best specimens of his skill. Most of his pictures seem, like a Turkey carpet, to have been designed to resemble nothing in the heaven above or on the earth below. His comic characters are despicable specimens of—not humanity. We look with a shudder upon the Celadons, the Wildbloods, the Woodalls, and the Rhodaphils of Dryden. The vices of these characters are set off with a certain hard, fierce impudence, to which nothing is comparable. Their love is the appetite of beasts; their friendship the confederacy of knaves. The ladies seem to have been expressly created as partners for these gentlemen. They cheat at cards, rob strong boxes, put up their favors at auction, betray their friends, abuse their rivals in the most unladylike Billingsgate, and invite their lovers in language not the best prescribed by good taste. These, be it remembered, are the recognized heroes and heroines, and appear as the representatives of good society; and, at the end of the fifth act, marry and live very happily ever after. As soon as we enter the region of tragedy we have a change—a great change. There is no lack of fine sentiment there. We are introduced to people whose proceedings we can trace to no motive, of whose feelings we can form no idea. We find ourselves among beings whose love is purely disinterested emotion—a loyalty extending to passive obedience—a religion like that of the Quietists, unsupported by any sanction of hope or fear. We see nothing but despotism without power and sacrifices without compensation. We blame Dryden because his men and women are any thing else but men and women; because the passions which he pretends to exhibit are not passions at all. But it is in his tragi-comedies that his absurdities strike us most. We meet, in one scene, with nothing but gross, selfish, unblushing, lying libertines of both sexes, who, as a punishment, we suppose, for their depravity, are condemned to talk nothing but prose; but as soon as we meet with people who talk in verse, we know that we are in the society of the most insipid things that imagination could invent: lovers who have no love; females who are mere wired dolls. As Dryden was unable to render his plays interesting by means of that which is called the appropriate excellence of the drama, it was necessary that he should find some substitute for it. In his comedies he supplied its place, sometimes by wit, but more frequently by intrigue, by disguises, mistakes of persons, dialogues at cross purposes, hair-breadth escapes, perplexing concealments, and surprising disclosures. He thus succeeded, at least, in making these pieces very amusing. If Dryden had died before the expiration of the first of the periods into which we have divided his literary life, he would have left a reputation, at best, but little higher than that of Lee and Davenant. He would have been known only to men of letters; and by them he would have been mentioned as a writer who threw away, on

subjects which he was incompetent to treat, powers which might have raised him to eminence, whose diction and whose numbers had sometimes very high merit, but all whose works were blemished by a false taste, and by errors of gross negligence. In his prologues and epilogues he early showed all the powers which afterward rendered him the best of modern satirists. But during the latter part of his life he gradually abandoned the drama. His plays appeared at longer intervals. He judiciously renounced rhyme in tragedy. His language became less turgid, his characters less exaggerated. He did not, indeed, produce correct representations of human nature; but he ceased to daub such monstrous chimeras as those which appear in his earlier pieces. Dryden was an incomparable reasoner in verse. He was conscious of his power; he was proud of it; and he has been justly charged with abusing this faculty. His warriors and princesses are fond of discussing points of amorous casuistry, such as would have delighted a parliament of Love. They frequently go still deeper, and speculate on philosophical necessity and the origin of evil.

Some years before his death Dryden altogether ceased to write for the stage. He had turned his powers in a new direction, with success the most splendid and decisive. His taste had gradually awakened his creative faculty. The first rank in poetry was beyond his reach; but he challenged and secured the most honorable place in the second. His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar. When he attempted the highest flights he became ridiculous; but while he remained in a lower region he outstripped all competitors. After his death English literature retrograded; and a century was necessary to bring it back to the place where he left it. With him died the secret of the old poetical diction of England—the art of producing fine effects by familiar words. In the following century it was completely lost, and was poorly supplied by the laborious and tessellated imitations of Mason and Gray. On the other hand, he was the first writer under whose skillful management the scientific vocabulary fell into natural and pleasing verse. In this department he succeeded completely. The toughest and most knotty parts of language became ductile at his command. His versification exhibits the fairest examples of nobleness, freedom, variety of pause, and cadence. His tragedies in rhyme, however worthless in themselves, at least served the purpose of nonsense verses; they taught him all the arts of melody which the heroic couplet admits. A more just and complete estimate of his natural and acquired powers, of the merit of his style and its blemishes, may be formed from the *Hind* and *Panther* than from any other of his writings. As a didactic poem it is excellent. The satirical parts are scarcely inferior to the best passages in his *Absalom* and *Ahitophel*. There are, moreover, occasional touches of a tenderness which affects us more, because it is decent and manly. His versi-

fication swells and sinks with his subject, and his wealth of language seems to be unlimited. Yet the carelessness with which he has constructed his plot, and the innumerable inconsistencies into which he is every moment falling, detract much from the pleasure which such varied excellence affords. In *Absalom* and *Ahitophel* he hit upon a rich vein. This political satire is one of the boldest and most vigorous we have ever read. The advantages Dryden derived from the nature of his subject he improved to the very utmost. His manner is almost perfect. *Macfiecnoe* is inferior to *Absalom* and *Ahitophel* only in the subject. In the execution we think it superior. But the greatest work of Dryden was the last—the *Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day*. It is the masterpiece of the second class of poetry, and ranks but just below the great models of the first. By comparing it with the impotent ravings of the heroic tragedies, we may measure the progress which the mind of Dryden had made. He had learned to avoid a too audacious competition with higher natures; to keep at a distance from the verge of bombast or nonsense; to venture on no expression which did not convey a distinct impression to his own mind. There is none of that "darkness visible" of style which he had formerly affected, and in which the greatest poets alone can succeed. Every thing is definite, significant, and picturesque. His early writings resembled the gigantic works of those Chinese gardeners who attempt to rival nature herself; to form cataracts of terrific height and sound; to raise precipitous ridges of mountains; and to imitate, in artificial plantations, the vastness and the gloom of some primeval forest. This manner he abandoned. Nor did he ever adopt the Dutch taste which Pope affected; the trim parterres, and the rectangular walks. He rather imitated the great features of a landscape, without emulating them, consulted the genius of the place, assisted nature, and, carefully disguising his art, produced not a *Chamouni* or a *Niagara*, but a cataract of less sublimity and more mild and pleasing beauty.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

DR. HARRIS said, when dying, "O, my friend, live much, live long, live instantly." Each of you should resolve to live two or three hundred years. You ask how is this possible, when you are removed by death at the ages of forty or fifty? For this very reason you are called to live long in a little time. Some live longer in a single day than others in the whole course of their lives. You live only as much as you live to God; you only live in reality, as you live wisely, usefully, and piously. Methuselah, who lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, did not live half so long as the Son of Mary, after the flesh, who was crucified at the age of thirty-three. "The time is short," and let us make the wisest use of it.

THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE TYROL.

(SECOND PAPER.)

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

NATURE has made the Tyrol a primitive country by the immense barriers which surround its borders. It may be truly compared to a great natural fortress, whose walls are its mountain ranges, and whose peaks are its battlements. This fact has made the Tyrolese strong against their external foes, as it has confirmed them in all their national habits and prejudices, and has rendered them the most conservative, as well, perhaps, as the most superstitious, people of the German states. During the stormy days of the revolution of 1848, the Tyrol was the only German province of Austria that remained faithful and loyal to the crown. When the Emperor, Ferdinand the Fifth, felt himself obliged to fly from the imperial city of Vienna, he took refuge in the Tyrol, sure that within its fastnesses he would find shelter and protection. And so it was. He that fled in disgrace from his own capital, was received with open arms and every demonstration of joy in Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol. The city was illuminated the evening of his arrival, and all classes hastened with assurances of devotion to him and his house.

Beautiful as this may be in theory—for fidelity is ever a beautiful trait in the human character—it is, nevertheless, a blemish in the Tyrolese, in whom fidelity amounts to obstinacy and blindness, and leads to political and religious slavery. That they are politically slaves is a fact on which it would be idle to lose words; but it is our conviction, as far as this is concerned, that, from their peculiar nature, they are as happy as they would be were they more free; for the Tyrolese are a social people, and politics could not be forced upon them. Indeed, their history proves that the most obstinate resistance which they have ever made has been resistance to political innovation. They are perfectly satisfied to let the world run after as many "lo heres! and lo theres!" as it, in its wisdom, may see fit to cherish—they wish to be let alone among their valleys, streams, and mountains. In religion, as in politics, they want nothing new—they will receive nothing new. It is said that for several hundred years the same catechism has been in use in their schools, and education for the masses in the Tyrol is largely composed of the rites, usages, and requirements of the Catholic Church. Thus the people here are more strongly imbued with religious feeling than any other people of Europe. It enters into every action of life; every room contains its household gods; the wayside and the field are never without a crucifix for the laborer and the traveler; the fountain that pours forth its waters to the thirsty is always ornamented with a crucifix; and even in the roadside inn the poor Tyrolese sits down to his wine, bread, and cheese with the

crucifix above him. If the avalanche of winter threatens to overwhelm his humble cabin, he plants a crucifix in its course, that the latter may protect him from the fury of the former. If the lightning of heaven would rend and burn his cottage, he plants no steel-rods to direct its course—this, to him, would be to dare his God—he wants but a crucifix, and is willing to trust his fate to it. If this fails, God wills it so, and he submits without an inquiry and without a murmur. If the mountain stream swells, and swells, and threatens to become an angry sea, he plants a crucifix by its side to appease its passion, and he and his household commit themselves to God, and lay them down to sleep. On the mountain passes, where the huge masses of snow may be set in motion by the mere vibration of the traveler's feet, there the Tyrolese plants a cross to warn the stranger that there is danger, but he plants the cross that the wanderer may confide in it and proceed on his journey. On the lonely road in the forest, where the stranger might go astray, and wander for days without finding a human habitation, the Tyrolese plants a cross to guide him to a haven. Indeed, this strong devotional feeling seems to have taken root in their hearts as deeply as do the mountains in their native soil, and these mighty works of the Almighty have imbued the beings whose lot he has cast among them with a never-ceasing awe and reverence for him. They breathe it in the cradle, and it grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength; it rises with them from their cot, and precedes them in their nightly rest. The vesper-bell always finds a response in the Tyrol—a response in the low murmurs of family prayer from all the members of the social circle, who thus gather at least once a day for family devotion. And these crucifixes by the wayside, in the cabin or the inn, in the forest or on the mountain, are never passed without recognition. The postillion drops his reins, raises his hat, and crosses his breast as he passes. The laborer will lay down his burden if he can not cross himself without so doing. The feeble old woman that has been gathering brush in the woods makes this a stopping-place for rest, and says a "*Pater Noster*" before she again puts the bundle on her weary shoulders. And even the poor beggar loves to sit under the crucifix, and beg a mite of the passers-by, well knowing that the heart is open to charity when it is inclined to devotion.

The very greetings with which the Tyrolese peasants salute you as you pass them on the road are full of this feeling. We were walking one morning, in the heart of the Tyrol, with a gentleman of the country, whose attention a letter from a mutual friend had placed at our disposal, when we were surprised at hearing a peasant who passed us distinctly say, as he raised his hat, "*Praised be Jesus Christ!*" "*To eternity, amen!*" replied the gentleman. On requesting an explanation of this singular proceeding, we were informed that it is

the usual salute of the peasants of that part of the country, and not to reply to it as he did would be to show a very unchristian spirit. We afterward several times heard these salutes passed among themselves, in cases where we would simply have said "good morning" or "good day." There is, however, a dark side to this picture; and that is the superstition, religious superstition, that this state of things naturally brings with it. Every waterfall, every abyss or dark chasm, every mountain pass, and every castled ruin has its legend connected with it. These seldom rest on romance, love, or chivalry, as do those of the Rhine; their usual food is superstition.

Among the many strange legends that we might quote to illustrate this peculiarity in the character of the Tyrolese, we know of none more applicable than

THE LEGEND OF MARTIN'S WALL.

On the high road from Augsburg to Innsbruck towers an immense mass of rock almost perpendicularly to the clouds; near it is the old church and castle of St. Martin. For this reason, and because it rises like a wall of masonry, it has received the name of "Martin's Wall." Once upon a time, Maximilian the First, in his youthful days, performed the daring feat of climbing this wall, while hunting the chamois that was eluding his pursuit. Bold and thoughtless, he perceived not his situation and his danger till he could climb no higher, and, on looking down, saw that it was impossible to descend. Turn as he would, death stared him in the face. If he looked above, the impending rocks threatened to fall and become his gravestone. If he gazed around him, nothing met his eye but enormous rocks, which were too hard to take pity on him in his trial. If he cast his eyes below, he was terrified by a frightful depth of a hundred fathoms, which seemed to long to become his grave. The height of the spot to which he had climbed precluded all possibility of a rope or other means of rescue being sent to him. The men of a thousand quarries might have lost a month in the endeavor to make a road to the spot that now held him prisoner. Below him he saw his court servants, reduced to the size of infants, writhe and wail at his misfortunes; but here neither peasants nor courtiers were of assistance. Two long days and nights he hoped, and every moment his weary eyes again looked around in anguish, to see if there was no one to help him; but he had nothing whatever to hope.

At last he perceives that this immense rock is the jaws of death, ready to swallow him up, and, like the prophet Jonah, to bury him in the body of a whale of stone. The return to earth was denied to his body, but his soul could still sigh to heaven, to which he was then near, and which stood open before him. He could find consolation that he, like Moses, had ascended a high mountain to be buried in the lap of the Almighty; and because there was no food for his body with which to

lengthen his earthly life, he sought after nourishment for his soul, that he might be provided with means for his heavenly existence. Nevertheless, he cried out with a loud voice, and ordered his courtiers to send for the priests, with the holy sacrament, that he might at least see them perform the office; for, although his mouth could not receive it, he might provide his soul with the food of immortality, and thus equip it for the contest of death. In the mean while the sad news spread from valley to valley through all the land, and in every church Divine power was implored to intercede and save. The prayer was heard by Him, who was not willing that the princely family should thus be lost in the last scion of its stock. Thus, on the third day, as the pious prince was devoting himself to the thoughts of death, he heard a rustling noise near him, and, turning to the side whence it came, perceived a youth, in peasant's costume, creeping toward him, and making a way in the rock. When the peasant reached Maximilian, he stretched forth his hand, and said, "Hail, powerful prince! God still lives, and can and will save you! Follow me, and fear not. I will lead you from the jaws of death."

Maximilian followed his guide, and shortly came to a path which led him to the bosom of his friends. The joy with which they received him, who had, as it were, risen from the grave, knew no bounds; and in the crowd the prince lost his youthful guide, and all his efforts to find him again were unavailing; wherefore he was considered an angel and messenger of God. Maximilian afterward became emperor, and caused a chapel to be hewn in the very rock that had been the scene of his sufferings. As a memorial of these, a wooden crucifix, forty feet high, stands in the center of the chapel; and, seen from the road below, it diminishes to the height of two feet, so great is its elevation. On one side of it stands the statue of the Virgin Mary, and on the other that of St. John.

The Martin's Wall is one of the most romantic regions of the Tyrol, and we thought it well worth while to linger a few hours in its vicinity, and listen to the church-bells of the valley, and watch the passing peasants as they turned up their faces to the crucifix above and crossed their breasts. It is really wonderful to think, that as the peasants of the valley do to-day so have done their ancestors for centuries; generations on generations have come and gone within the shadow of Martin's Wall, and each generation tells its descendants the same story, and transmits the same prejudices.

We will add another, that runs in an entirely different vein, but finds its origin in the same all-prevailing feeling of religious superstition, and delineates in striking characters the motives that agitate the breasts and fill the cabins of the Tyrolese peasants.

On the borders of the principality of Lichtenstein abruptly rise three bald and rocky peaks. These are known, far and wide, as

THE THREE SISTERS OF FRASTANZ.

As the Alpine peasants tell the legend, there once flowed on this spot a rich river of gold—a secret El Dorado—suspected by the neighbors, sought after by many, but never found; nor till after its spring had dried up did they learn where its course had actually been. But the hobgoblins are wiser than the imbecile children of men, and smell gold better than the hound smells his prey. The peasants and mountaineers, therefore, fabled many stories of these supernatural miners, and called them Venetians, as if the proud lion of St. Mark unfolded its wings to find all the gold on the surface of the earth. As often as the deep midnight spread its dense veil over the earth, one of these winged miners came like a vampire, with a gentle flight on the breezes, from the island city of the Adriatic, and lighted, as it folded up its magic mantle, high on a neighboring peak. There it stood, with its brilliant basket, which often shone like a star in the eye of the belated traveler, and gathered its gold solitary and unobserved, and then disappeared as swiftly and wonderfully as it came. Sometimes it remained longer in the vicinity. It placed the empty basket under the secret gold-spring, and returned to the shepherds with it full. These stared in wonder at the brilliant treasure, and crossed themselves in awe, but neither dared to ask for the spot where it was found, nor secretly watch where it was gathered; for they well knew that the spirits of the mountains, when angry, revenged themselves with land-slides and avalanches.

Once—it was on the Ascension day of the Holy Virgin, when every pious hand in the valley reposes from its labors, and every heart seeks silent prayer—the winged miner met the three sisters of the neighboring village of Frastanz, who were picking whortleberries. Angry at having its secrecy disturbed by their presence, it inquired, in a gruff voice, what they were doing there. “We are picking whortleberries to sell in the village,” replied the sisters, without the least alarm. “And do you dare to do so on a day as holy as this?” says the winged Venetian. “Give us a basket of gold,” said the maidens, “and we will not pick any more. They who will dance on Sundays can not rest on holy days.” “Indeed!” thundered the littlesorcerer, in a rage. “Do you believe nothing? do you fear nothing?” Terrified, and conscious of their sin, the sisters tried to hide their fear; boldness often helps one out of difficulties. “Do you fear nothing?” inquired the gray warner a second time. “O, let us alone!” replied they, and continued to pick their berries. “Do you fear nothing?” a third time. “Nothing! nothing! nothing!” they screamed, as they tried to escape. The spirit now suddenly changed into a roaring cloud, sparkling like the foam of a mountain cataract, and a voice spoke in hollow tones, “Good; you shall, therefore, become nothing but three bare rocks, under which my gold-spring shall be hidden!” From that day till this the winged miner has never been seen,

the gold spring is no more, and the three sisters still gaze down into the valley.

But we will leave the region of story for the land of reality. Notwithstanding these human frailties, these Tyrolese are in many respects a praiseworthy people, and possess many of the ennobling virtues. They are upright and honest in the extreme; and these qualities are imprinted on their open countenances and shadowed in their manly bearing. They are laborious and contented, more so than many of their neighbors. The mountains that others would look upon as impediments to happiness, serve them as a means of subsistence. The high mountain pastures are their greatest treasures; and many a spot, which a passing observer would look upon as totally useless, requires but a close inspection to develop a new and unseen community engaged in honest toil. Their cabins are frequently found high up among the mountains, and every foot of earth that can be made to bear the grains or the vine is under careful cultivation. Even the barren hill-sides are put under contribution for their subsistence; for on all the rocky terraces that are capable of holding earth, they form a soil by carrying earth for miles on their back: when this has become strong and solid enough for cultivation, they carry manure in the same way, and enrich it, and raise a harvest. None of the domestic animals can be of any service to them in such places, and all the toil is performed by human labor. When his cattle can not reach a bold ledge on which he perceives rich grass, the Tyrolese will put irons on his feet, and thus climbing to it, return with his booty lashed to his back, to the evident danger of his neck or limbs. But, with all their industry, their native land can not support its population, and thousands wander over Europe engaged in various occupations; the most common of these is the sale of articles which are made in the valleys at home. Many of these articles are extremely singular and ingenious, and find a ready sale in the various European capitals. The fairs of Leipsic, Frankfurt on the Maine, and even of the distant Novgorod in Russia, are always visited by the Tyrolese. The women accompany the men in these excursions, and are generally engaged in the sale of gloves, which they make from the skin of the chamois that they hunt among the mountains. But let them wander where they will, they always return to their native valley at periodical times, to spend a few months at home, indulge in its rustic pleasures, and replenish their stock.

Even the Rainer family, that were so successful in their tour through this country and England some years ago, felt no desire to remain in a land where dollars showered upon them much more generously than at home. They have all left off their wanderings, and returned to the Tyrol—some to their native village of Fügen, and others to neighboring valleys. The means accumulated on their journey they have applied to establishing themselves in a comfortable business, and nearly all the

Rainer family are now innkeepers in the Tyrol. And during our tour through the country we met no inns like theirs—presenting all the comforts of a home, measured out with a generous hand, and seasoned with a high-toned hospitality. They still speak in the warmest terms of this country, and take a great interest in its welfare. They have carried back with them many of our sweetest melodies; and we sat one evening till near the hour of midnight listening to "Life on the Ocean Wave," the "Last Rose of Summer," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Home, sweet Home," whose tones were doubly dear and refreshing in this far-off land. The music of the Ziller valley, in which they live, is peculiarly sweet; and they think that there is but one Fügen in the world, when, in the pride of home, they dance and spring in their rustic festivals, as if the crowns of their head and soles of their feet were enthusiastic sharers of their unbridled joy.

Music and dancing in the Tyrol are not merely pastimes; they seem absolute necessities to the existence of its people. A cottage is no cottage without a musical instrument, and an inn that can not count a bevy of them is no inn for the Tyrolese. Their peculiar "*Jodel*," as it is termed, is now imitated in all parts of Germany, and, with them, forms a part of all the songs of the shepherds among their flocks and herds, of milk-maids at their dairy, or peasants in the harvest field. Those who live among the mountains acquire an astonishing power of sending the echo of the "*Jodel*" dancing from peak to peak, till completely lost in the distance.

This inordinate love for music gives rise to a sort of rural poetry, the recital of which is a favorite pastime. This is often naive, robust, and true to nature—the improvisation of open hearts excited by love, joy, jealousy, or revenge. The troubadour sang his languishing tones under the windows of his lady love, and the Tyrolese swain, who has also a heart to win and one to give, seeks the windows of the maiden of his choice, and wakes her slumbers by his rustic strains. This same talent is frequently made the source of evening entertainments, in which the Tyrolese peasants show a remarkable power of improvisation, often conversing with wit and repartee for hours, in little contests in which there is much sharp shooting and an earnest endeavor to turn the laugh of the company on each other. The same bent of character gives rise to what, in the Tyrol, are called "Peasants' Comedies," which are a very favorite amusement on holidays. A platform is erected in the open air, sufficiently elevated to be fairly seen by all; the village schoolmaster is generally master of ceremonies on account of his being the intellectual Nestor of the community; and under his guidance are presented on this stage many strange legends of the country, a circumstance which tends to perpetuate them. The performers are generally the maidens of the village, as their more delicate forms are generally in stricter accordance with fairy ideas. It is,

indeed, not unfrequently the case that some incident of the Scriptures is represented, or a miracle performed by some saint: thus still further showing how closely religious feeling is entwined with the nature of the Tyrolese.

But let the entertainment have been music, or peasants' comedies, or a marriage, or what it may, it is never closed without dancing: this with them is the pleasure of all pleasures, and the only worthy finale, in their view, to every joyous gathering. Nearly every valley has a dance which is peculiar to itself, as is its melody, and in these country gatherings the peasants of each valley vie with those of others in their dances and costumes. This produces a motley throng; and when bad weather forces them into the barns or inns, there is such a jam and rush that one would say that the muse of dance were fairly crowded out; but not so—the first tones of the waltz set all to twirling and whirling in the smallest imaginable space, and the fancy colors of the damsels, as they flit by in ribbons and gewgaws, make a perfect kaleidoscope. Some of these dances are such specimens of agility that they would do honor to the skill of a circus hero. Sometimes they spring high in the air, and strike their heels together several times before descending; and, that they make the more clatter, the heels of the boots are set with irons that ring as they strike. Then again they seize each other by the shoulders, and, supported alternately, spring up and down till exhausted; while some are thus amusing themselves, others are holding the left arms of their lasses high in the air, and the latter, thus aided, rise on one heel and spin round like a top, with a rapidity truly astonishing. In short, they give themselves up to a perfect frenzy!

Among the amusements of a grand *fete* day are some that are especially for the male portion of the community; and of these none are entered into with greater gusto than athletic feats and gymnastic exercises. These tend to develop their fine forms, and peculiarly fit them for the toils and fatigues of their mountain life. But these stalwart sons of nature, in the redundancy of their energy, sometimes allow themselves to trespass on the bounds of propriety. The wrestlers of the Ziller valley think it imperative on their honor to adorn their prize wrestler with three feathers, which they place in his hat. This is a challenge to the world at large for a grand wrestle, which ends in nothing less than a brutal fight, if the challenge be accepted by the hero of any other valley; for in these contests it is considered lawful, according to the rules of the combat, to bite off each other's noses or gouge out eyes; so that our western gouging-matches are not entirely alone in their brutality. In their fist-fights or boxing-matches it is customary to wear an iron ring on the middle finger, and this sometimes inflicts severe wounds. It is rather hard to reconcile this animal ferocity with the otherwise peaceable disposition of the Tyrolese, and it certainly forms an anomaly in their character.

But, to their credit be it said, this strife, of late years, is becoming less bloody and less frequent, and it is to be hoped that other ideas of honor will ripen into something more human, and hand over boxing and gouging-matches to the especial care of English and American amateurs of the "noble (?) art of self-defense."

But the most enthusiastic passion of the Tyrolese is that for their rifle. The boy of ten years thinks it high time to have a rifle, and no more acceptable gift can be presented to him. They are perhaps the best marksmen in the world, not even excepting the Davy Crockett race of our own backwoods. They will fire at a target at two hundred and fifty paces, or even three hundred, and six times out of ten will hit the eye. In the outskirts of every village in the Tyrol, that can make the least claim to that appellation, is the shooting-ground, where the peasants meet on all holidays for target practice. Nearly every month matches are arranged between the marksmen of the different valleys, in which they contend for the prize; and to gain this is considered the greatest honor. Once a year there is a grand shooting-match for the whole Tyrol, and preparations are made for it for weeks beforehand. This is for a prize worth having. Some years ago it was three thousand dollars, and no less than four hundred model marksmen entered the arena. The distance was one hundred and fifty paces, at a target two feet in diameter, and not a ball was fired that did not pierce the target! The victor was as honored as he of the Olympic games of Greece, and was escorted to his native valley with music, with flags, and garlands of honor—the pride of the green hills of the Tyrol.

THE GOOD WIFE.

THE power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope, and endurance; a bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfort, and despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritations, and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.

NEW ENGLAND.

—
BY FLORIAN.
—

"New England, New England, my home o'er the sea,
My heart as I wander turns fondly to thee,
For bright shines the sun on thy evergreen plains,
And soft o'er thy waters the moon pours her beams:
I look toward thy green hills, where dear friends of mine
Are thinking of me and the days of 'auld lang syne.'
Thy breezes are healthful, and clear are thy rills;
The harvest waves proudly and rich o'er thy fields;
Thy maidens are fair, and thy yeomen are strong;
Thy rivers run blithely the valleys along;
New England, New England, my home o'er the sea,
The wanderer's heart turns in fondness to thee."

In variety of natural scenery New England can not be easily excelled. The beautiful, the grand, and the sublime alternate and intermingle. The ocean scenery is unrivaled. Standing on the craggy cliffs, you may look on the vast and illimitable expanse of waters, while the waves, incessantly dashing against the rocky barrier, resound like rumbling thunder. No sea in the world, not even the far-famed Grecian Archipelago, equals, in the number and beauty of its green islands, the Bay of Casco. He who has from childhood been accustomed to look on the ocean scenery of New England, will find nothing in any other part of the Union to awaken corresponding emotions. The great lakes seemed limited, and the interminable prairies grow tame.

New England abounds in small lakes of pure, transparent water, embosomed amid hills, and surrounded by cultivated fields or evergreen forests. They are scattered all over the hilly country, their borders rich with verdure and saplings, and their surfaces reflecting the rays of unclouded light. These lakes form the sources of numberless rivers and streamlets, flowing clear, cool, and rapid.

Every variety of surface is presented on the New England landscape. On the immediate sea coast are barren, rocky hills, defying cultivation, or long stretches of sandy beach. A few miles interior are the plains, stretching away in grandeur of extent, covered by a green forest of tall pines. Then you reach the country of hill, valley, and lake. Beyond all is the dark background of lofty mountains, rearing their tops above the clouds.

The autumn drapery of a New England forest is singularly beautiful. Not all the art of all the painters of all the world can imitate the gorgeous colors of the sapling groves on the mountains and in the valleys, when the early frost touches the tender leaves. Let him who desires to see how many variant hues nature can assume, pass along, some fine October day, down the Housatonic valley, among the mountains of Berkshire, or up over the Highlands of the Kennebec.

The characteristics of the people of New England are more strongly marked than are the natural features of the country. The first settlers of the country were a remarkable people. For stern

integrity, unyielding principle, and pure morality they were distinguished in the history of the human race. The annals of six thousand years furnish no example of a people to be compared with them. The influence of their laws, their religious ordinances, and their literary institutions is still seen on the character of their descendants. There are uniform features of character universally exhibited by the Yankee nation. You see it in the roads, farms, fences, teams, buildings, and utensils of every kind. You see it in the children as they return from school, in the maid at her spinning-wheel, in the merchant at the counter, the lawyer at the bar, the physician at the sick-bed, and the minister in the pulpit. The spirit of New England follows the emigrant wherever his enterprise and love of adventure may carry him. On the shores of Ontario, of Erie, of Michigan, by the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Sacramento, and the Oregon, the New Englander exhibits the same spirit, the same genius, the same outline, and the same filling up, as when he tilled his native homestead.

The New England people are liberal, generous, and benevolent. No people on earth, in proportion to their means, do more for the support of charitable and benevolent institutions. The cause of true benevolence is never suffered to go a begging among them. If a literary institution is to be endowed, or a church to be built by charity, in any part of the United States, the agent is soon seen wending his way to New England. If a missionary is called for to a post of sickness and danger, or funds needed for his support, the plea is made, not in vain, to New England hearts. When benighted, degraded, suffering Africa cast her imploring look to the Christian world for aid, none was found to go to that land of sickness and of death sooner than the pious, the amiable, the eloquent Cox, who went to that scene of certain death with more devout enthusiasm than ever bore the chivalrous crusader to the Holy Land. New England missionaries have gone toward the rising and the setting sun, and to the extremes of the north and of the south. Their bones lie mingled with the soil of every clime. Their last expiring cry was, "Let a thousand fall before the work be given up!"

The New England people are hospitable. It is a strange mistake that the sunny south alone is the land of hospitality. The hospitality of the north is unceremonious, and free from officious display and ambitious ostentation, but it is not on that account the less generous. You may find it less in the cities among the wealthy than among the middling and even poorer classes in the interior. Go to the villages that lie along the rivers, go to the secluded recesses of country life, go to the log-cabin at the foot of the mountains, and you will every-where be greeted with native, good-humored hospitality. Let a stranger be in distress, let misfortune mark him for her prey, let sickness lay her withering finger on him, and a hundred doors would be open

to receive him, and a thousand hands upraised to aid him.

The New England people are distinguished for enterprise. Her sails cover every ocean, sea, and bay in the known world. The flag of the Union floats from the masts of her ships in the harbor of every city on the globe. On the shores of the Baltic, the Arctic, the Indian, and the Pacific seas; on the banks of the Neva, the Nile, the Ganges, and the Amazon; wherever there is any thing to do, there is the New Englander to do it. Should another Hercules arise, and be required, as his thirteenth labor, to go to some place no Yankee had ever visited, he would at once give it up in despair.

The New England people are distinguished for rural taste, and for the love of the beautiful in nature and in art. Should some western or southern aeronaut unfortunately lose his reckoning, and be borne on the clouds he knew not where, could he but catch a passing glimpse of a New England village, he would be at no loss to determine over what part of the universe he was sailing. The long wide streets shaded by venerable elms, the white cottages, the neatly inclosed yard of shrubbery and flowers, the velvet lawns, the school-house, the steepled churches, and the sequestered, shaded, and flowery cemetery, where rest the dead of past generations, would reveal to him his latitude and longitude. He could not mistake his whereabouts, as he sailed down the valley of the Housatonic, by Pittsfield, and Stockbridge, and Barrington; or up the Connecticut, by Hartford, and Springfield, and Northampton; or around Boston, by Cambridge, and Brookline, and Melrose; or along the Merrimac, by Newburyport, and Haverhill, and Concord; or along the sea-shore, by Portland, and Brunswick, and Castine; or up the Kennebec, by Augusta, and Waterville, and Farmington, and Norridgewock.

The New Englander is distinguished for love of liberty. The Pilgrims worshiped liberty next to God. Their descendants have never proved recreant to their noble origin. New England was the home of Hancock, and of Warren, and of Adams. Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill are made of New England soil. Let now but a single stone be removed from our free institutions, and all New England would unite to replace it in firmer cement. Let but a breach be made in the wall, and all would rush to the defense. Let but a tyrant place his foot on our land, let but a Cæsar approach the Rubicon, and an avenger would start from every rock and every pine-tree on New England soil. The farmer would leave his hay-cart half loaded, and run to the attack with his pitch-fork; the lumberman, leaving his tree half cut, would run with his ax; the river driver, leaving his raft to go to sea, would run with his setting-pole; the merchant would drop his yard-stick; the lawyer would throw down his green bag; the speculator would dash his bonds out of his hat, and all would rush to the rescue. When the furious southron had exhausted

all his fire, and the boasting braggart used up all his words, the imperturbable Yankee would return again and again to the attack; and even if badly beaten, never seeming to know it, but ready, at a moment's warning, for another onset.

The New Englander never forgets his native home. When, from considerations of duty or interest, he takes the last, longing, lingering look of his native hills, when the dark peak of old Agamenticus sinks beneath the eastern horizon, he feels sad as one returning from the grave of a lover. Amid the luxuriant prairies of the west his heart will often turn to the hard and rocky soil of the old homestead. Among the gorgeous flowers of the sunny south he will look for the pale blue violet of his native dell. On the banks of the Ohio, the Illinois, and the Wabash, he will think of the brook that flows by his father's door. Rambling in the magnificent and grand old forests of the west, he will long for the pine plains and evergreen thickets of his native land. However willing he may be to *live* in milder climes and on more fruitful soils, he would choose to *die* in his New England home, and be *buried* in his native vale. He would that, when, for the last time, he should look on the melancholy beauties of an autumnal forest, his native landscape might meet his eye; that when, for the last time, he should see the setting sun, its rays might be reflected from the green hills and quiet lakes around his early home; that the last breath he should draw might be from the atmosphere which he breathed in infancy; and that, when life should be over, his grave might be made in the rural church-yard of his native village, where his ancestors and kindred sleep.

PRODIGALITY OF TIME.

BY ERWIN HOUSE.

THE days allotted to man are few; his sojourn here is but short. Youth, manhood, and old age follow each other in rapid succession, and his pilgrimage is ended, his tale is told, and his race run. From childhood to the grave is but the ripple in the stream; it appears, and then forever vanishes from our view. What course of conduct does this dictate?

Be wise, be active, be diligent, be unwearied in effort. And, we ask, is this the general practice of mankind? does actual observation convince us that each individual strives to improve the present and to prepare for the future? Alas! we are continually extending our thoughts, and duties, and designs to "to-morrow's light," while none of us knows if Heaven will add to-morrow to the present hour. We all feel that at the judgment day there will be exacted from us a rigorous account of the manner in which we have spent our time here; we all know that life is transitory, and held by a tenure

not within our power; yet, strange inconsistency! how few learn wisdom from the years that are gone to guide them in those which are to come!

Though particularly incident to youth, procrastination is a vice which is observed to extend its mildew influence even down to those whose hoary locks and faltering steps bespeak the near approach of the tomb; and while in either case it admits of no palliation, and in the former may seem unpardonable folly, in the latter it wears the aspect of the extremity of madness and infatuation. While young, we flatter ourselves of a convenient season; live and dream of doing better hereafter. Thus week after week, month after month, and year after year steals away, till all are gone, leaving the vast concerns of eternity to the mercies of a single moment.

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same."

Among whom shall we look for a wise disposal of time? To the frequenter of the play, the opera, or the gay saloon? to the individual all whose ingenuity is taxed in adorning the outward form? to him or her whose sole aim is the acquirement of the frivolities that invariably accompany the desire of display and dress? Can such indulgences redeem the time that is consumed in their enjoyment? Do they produce real bliss—unalloyed felicity? Will they bear serious investigation? We appeal not to the word of God, nor to the testimony of the pious and aged, but to the conscience of the sinner. In a course of criminal excess, is not your pleasure more than counterbalanced by succeeding pain? if not from a particular instance, at least from every habit of unlawful gratification, has not there arisen a thorn to wound, a something which has brought on remorse and anguish of spirit?

Who among us has not felt at the midnight hour the throbbings of his heart like a tempest, compared with the deep and deathlike stillness around? Who has not reverted to the past, and, in long review, beheld unnumbered plans and resolutions but formed to be broken and forgotten? Whose memory has not poured forth thousands of recollections like these, while his mind labored with an intensity and clearness no language could express? And yet who does not know that these impressions disappeared at the approach of morning light, or the commencement of the day's toil—themselves as futile and shadowy as the dream that preceded them?

The conviction of having misspent time, or having neglected opportunities, is not, therefore, sufficient. We must not simply resolve, but firmly adhere to every resolution; and never defer to the future what is *now* incumbent on us to perform. We should recollect that we have duties, which, if rightly discharged, will tend to our temporal and

eternal welfare; but, if neglected and condemned, will enhance our misery in the world of perdition.

Repent of sin; turn to God; live wholly to his service: these are the dictates of the only true wisdom. To-day you have time and opportunity to seek the favor of your Redeemer; to-morrow you may be slumbering in the grave. To-day you can lift up your voice for pardon and forgiveness; to-morrow you may be wailing with the lost. "A little more, and I might have been saved! A little more, and I might have walked the golden streets, and dwelt in the palaces of pearl, and drank of celestial streams, and struck a golden harp, and shouted with the redeemed. But these dungeons of despair, these magazines of wrath, and these instruments of vengeance forever! these clanking chains forever! this burning agony forever! these howling fiends forever! this gnawing worm forever! all assuring and thundering in my ear,

'The dread abyss where I blaspheming lie,
Is time no more but vast eternity!'

O that little more! it will sting like a serpent, and bite like an adder. To be sinking forever in perdition is surely damnation enough, without the everlasting reflection of having plunged from the very threshold of heaven, and of having made choice of a place with whoremongers, and blasphemers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

THE AWAKENING.

BY MISS EMILY C. BROWN.

HOME of my heart, unsung! with sunset's blush
Or morning's rosy brightness on thy brow,
Amid thy vining roses, in the hush
Of thine embowering valley sheltered low,
With the proud trees that, darkly towering, throw
Their giant shadows o'er thy place of rest—
With thy green sloping meadows, and the flow
Of singing streams, and all that made thee blest,
No summer bird e'er found a sweeter woodland nest.
There came bright days in autumn; when her fires
Innumerable, woke within the wood,
Filling its dome with glory, while brief lyres,
With every breeze new-born, of solitude
Its loneliness bereft, and swift imbued
My yearning soul with sense of something found;
As one who, in a mighty crowd, hath viewed
Some face like his ideal; half unbound,
Thus moved I aimless on o'er that enchanted ground.
There came a morn of beauty, bathed in spring;
Spring walked amid the budding woodlands; filled
The streams with laughing light; her emerald wing
Folded within the awakening valleys; thrilled
Like a soft touch upon them, and instilled
Her poetry into the breathing air;
Smiled from the clouds; and bade the bluebird
build

His home among the leaves and blossoms fair:
Sweet sights and sounds proclaimed that Spring was
every-where.

Down by a path, a little path, that sloped
Unto the water's grassy brink, where flung
The sun his glances faintly, there I groped
In woodland shadow, searching for the young
And tender violets; blithe voices rung
Forth from the blooms, in glad and guileless mirth;
A something new, and bright, and deathless,
sprung

To its first life within me; calling earth,
With streams, and woods, and vales, to witness of
its birth.

Erewhile, this place had been the haunt of sweet
And soothing winds, a spot for idle dream;
But now the inner life uprushed to meet
The silent revelations of the stream;
The influences that did only seem

Now could create unutterable love;
Now every trembling leaf had found a theme
And language; while, with sympathy inwove,
Dark trees, as with one heart, sang strains of power
above.

A dream, a dream of yester-night, brought back
The freshness and the fullness of that dawn
Of beauty, waking on the winding track,
Which never more may be retraced, though morn
And sunset, spring and autumn, still adorn
The woods, and glow upon the streamlet's way;
A dream of yester-night, in stillness born,
Brought to my lips this idle, idle lay,
Which leaveth half untold the glory of that day.

For Earth sits brooding with a ghostly brow,
Whereon a white sepulchral seal is set;
And round the masked and mournful forests bow,
And fruitless fields with fruitless tears are wet:
The glorious dawn shall be, but is not yet;
There is another wakening than the wake
To beauty; and when passeth vain regret,
Darkness and doubt their empire shall forsake,
And on the night of soul unsullied morning break.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by;
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that moldering lie!
Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1851.

SHARE YOUR BLISS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

SOMEBODY says, "Happiness was born a twin," and we firmly believe it. Yes; people are far the happiest when they *share* the flowers and fruits of life. The milk of human kindness affords the purest nourishment when handed round in the loving cup of a warm heart to those about us, ever giving the weak and trembling ones the fullest draughts. Be it remembered, though, that we are no admirers of that happiness which is shared by men only in the palace-like club, or low pot-house, where extreme sympathies and unlimited potations render spirits so convivially blest, that they form philosophical and heroic resolutions not to "go home till morning;" and where, while boasting of good fellowship and undying friendship with Sir Harry Hieaway or Tom Hatchet, they entirely forget the simple, domestic fact of wife, mother, or sister being rather lonely at home, while sitting up for them. We set our faces against those "social bonds" held together by smoke and alcohol; for we have greater faith in the moralizing tendency of a "mixed party;" and wherever rational pleasure is the object pursued, and civilized decorum does not interdict, we think women ought to be allowed a fair participation in the chase.

We were led to note down these hasty thoughts by seeing a cheap and early railway train pour forth its swarm of holiday-makers at Brighton. It was a warm, cloudless day, when the sun seemed prouder and grander than usual, as though he had grown vain from seeing himself so distinctly in Neptune's mirror. We stood by one of the streets leading to the beach, and amused ourselves with watching and speculating on the crowds that hastened by us, invariably observing that those artisan men who were in company with the fairer portion of creation were the most healthy and respectable in their general appearance and demeanor, while those who were alone, or with their lordly fellows, bore tangible impress of personal self-neglect, and too frequently afforded unequivocal indications of dissipated habits; the dust-grimed habiliments, good in quality, but ruined by slovenly carelessness; the unshorn face and unbrushed hair; the unnecessarily dirty hands; the vulgarly fine neck-cloth, tied without neatness or taste; and frequently the very bad cigar at the very early hour, all betokened a coarser and rougher specimen of humanity. Doubtless these men had feminine belongings, who would have been glad enough to enjoy a breath of the sea breezes, and whose presence might have kept them in a much more fitting and respectable condition to return home; for we observed those very men were the same who had evidently imbibed more spiritous than saline particles during the day, as they rudely elbowed their way into the crowded carriages in the evening, while those who had a fair companion seemed as cheerful and manly as in the morning; and we came to the conclusion, as we stood with our eyes wide open, that the proper twin of man's happiness must ever be of the Eve gender.

It was a treat to see a steady young couple, clean and smart as soap and holiday gear could make them, hurrying down to the very verge of old ocean, cheerfully dividing between them the luggage of a baby and a

Vol. XI.—36

basket, and evidently bent on the bliss of getting wet feet in salt water. We kept them in sight for some time; their first half hour was spent in a sort of oblivious stare at the great tide before them, and then they slowly wandered along the strand, looking every now and then intently on the shingle as though they expected coral and pearl to spring up in their path. At length the man showed strong symptoms of a relapse into boyhood, and his strong right arm sent polished fragments along the surface of the waters with evident delight in the sport of "duck and drake." A fragment of the coarsest and ugliest seaweed drifted on a shallow wave, and the woman proclaimed in ecstasy of excitement her full intention to possess it, if possible, and down went the toddling first-born on the rough pebbles with somewhat precipitate decision. The maternal instinct for a short time was absorbed by a specimen of *fucus vesiculosus*, and a desperate attempt on the infant's part to choke itself with a huge lump of chalk, and an elaborate endeavor to change the color of its blue sash in a small pool of salt water, were entirely unnoticed. The seaweed was secured by dint of unnumbered rushes into the rabid foam of Neptune's mouth, and we have a shrewd imagination that it may be found hanging up by the side of a window, where the young mother often sits gazing on it, while she hushes the child to sleep, and remembers, with an animated pleasure, the red day in her calendar when William took her to Brighton, and they had their sandwich dinner on the beach in a sort of fairy cloud-land of yellow sunshine and blue water. She was always very fond of William; but somehow, since he treated her to the seaside, instead of going alone, as many of his shopmates did, she thinks him better and handsomer than ever, and she has a lighter heart and a happier face, and is saving odd pence to purchase a smart waistcoat to surprise him with on their next trip; for William has promised to take her again in the autumn. O, ye thoughtless, beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking idiots, who find plenty of money to waste in the foul, close tap-room, and yet find it impossible to spend a crown now and then on a wife's or sister's pleasure, how much more of manhood and intelligence would you exhibit if you made woman the "twin" of your recreation, and bound her too-devoted nature still more strongly to you by a more frequent display of unselfish remembrance. Yes; happiness certainly is a twin; and, on looking back to the days of "frocks and trowsers" connected with our own simple history, we find that our most vivid pleasures and brightest holidays were all "company" concerns. We had a troop of brothers, "our elders," and, of course, "our betters," and they inherited the general masculine notion that boys were infinitely superior to "girls," and we were accordingly banned and barred from all their games, pursuits, and associations as much as possible, though there was a spice of energetic hardihood in our interference with their business and pleasure that was not always to be easily subdued or repulsed; but there was one dear exception in our biggest brother, whose generous and warm heart was always ready to share his hoops, trap-balls, summer night's ramble, or winter day's slide, with a little sister. It was that big brother who, unknowingly, helped to develop and strengthen the broad thoughts which made the little sister, in after years, just what she is. It was that big brother who provided collars for "old Pincher," and made kennels and rabbit-hutches after our own design; who rode on

old Dobbin, and lifted us up before him for a long gallop over the wild common. It was that big brother who always took us with him nutting or blackberrying, and invariably gave us the stick with the best hook.

It was he who bestowed endless pains in making us practically understand cricket, and "prisoner's base," and gave us credit for being the best "long stop" of the family; and how we loved that big brother! how we "stood up" for him if a domestic scandal were raised against him! how we instinctively called on his name if we slipped into a treacherous dyke, or found the cherries at the very top of the tree, rather beyond our climbing audacity! how zealously we stitched his book-satchels and hemmed his handkerchiefs! how carefully we selected the finest peach and nectarine to save for him, when the neighbor's gardener had been extra kind to us! how we admired his peculiar whistle as he returned home from some distant errand! He made us a twin in his happiness, and our young heart was widened and glorified by it. We were taught to love all belonging to us, and so we did. Will, Harry, and Tom were very good fraternal relatives, no doubt; but Frank was the idol of our worship, because he saw no reason why we should not join them at trap-ball, and insisted that we could play at "hop-sotch" as well as they did. We thought his cheeks the most beautiful in creation when they became scarlet while carrying us through the ford in Elmsdale Wood, and his feet rivaled those of the Apollo Belvidere when they cut out a long slide for us on the snow-crust stream. It was a question sometimes whether the others could get their will, when by chance it was in our puny power to do them a favor; and we recollect the contest once went so far that it nearly approached "trial by battle;" but if Frank had expressed a wish for our little finger, there might have been some chance of sly amputation.

But methinks we are wearying our kind reader with our tedious reminiscences of olden days. Yet canst thou not look back into the past, and find thy heart clinging with freshness and fervor to some being who made thee a "twin" in childhood's "happiness;" a neighbor's child, perhaps, or favorite cousin, or may be some grown-up man or woman, who took an active interest in skipping-ropes, dolls, kites, dumps, and such-like? Hast thou no remembrance of a being whose presence gave thee extra joy, whose voice was ever like a spirit-trumpet, calling to the field of sport? Thy lot has been a singularly lone and luckless one if thou hast not; and believing that thou hast, we will not crave pardon for our retrospective weakness; but will close with a simple word of exhortation. Let us ever extend the opportunity of attaining pleasure to as many as we can. It is always good to remember others in our moments of gladness, and we are convinced that the human heart becomes purer and better when taken into partnership by cheerful Benevolence, than when held apart by the hard, frosty hand of Selfishness. There is something elevating in *sharing* a pleasure, from the consumption of our first pennyworth of gingerbread to the carving of our last Christmas pudding; and we have a sort of poetical superstition that those who seek the way to heaven will never be able to find the way *alone*; nay, that over the very gate of entrance will be found the words, "Happiness was born a twin."

—
WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do.

THE BUSY IDLER.

BY REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

SOME men are forever in a flutter, and yet never fly. They are always at work, and still do no work worth naming. They are here, there, every-where, any where—always at something, always accomplishing nothing. Fancy, reader, yourself changed into a swallow. There you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, for ever on the wing, as graceful and sprightly in his flight as tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him, zigzagging over the clover field, skimming the limpid lake, whisking round the steeple, or dancing gayly in the sky. Behold him in high spirits, shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of hirundine agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and, after five minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle. And now he has gone upon his travels—gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or perform some more *recherche* pilgrimage to Spain or the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad. Charming climate; highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on *Hymettus*; locusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but, upon the whole, much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits. Now, dear friends, this is a very proper life for a swallow; but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to pay futile visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes, and nimble movements, and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveler enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one on the miseries of his hotel or chateau; you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country and the abundance of the game; and your rival eloquent on the self-same things. O, it is a thought, not ridiculous, but appalling! If the earthly history of some of our brethren were written down; if a faithful record were kept of the way they spend their time; if all the hours of idle vacancy or idler occupancy were put together, and the very small amount of useful diligence deducted, the life of a bird or quadruped would be a nobler one—more worthy of its powers and more equal to its Creator's end in forming it. Such a register is kept. Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indelible place in that book of remembrance with which human hand can not tamper, and from which no erasure save one can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God; and when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over; when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away; when mortal existence, with its faculties for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recall; when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness, what

anguish will it move to think that he was gambled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!

WINTER VIOLETS.

You ask me why my eyes are filled with tears,
Whene'er I meet the violets of the spring;
You can not tell what thoughts of by-gone years
Those simple flowers have never failed to bring.
I had a brother once; his grave is green,
And long ago was carved the headstone's date;
But fresh his memory still. I have not seen
One like him since he left me desolate.
For we were twins, and bound by ties so strong,
It seemed that neither could exist apart;
Yet he was taken—ah! what memories throng,
E'en to this day, on my bereaved heart!
He faded from us in the winter time,
When all the sun's warmth from his rays departs;
Sometimes we fancy a more genial clime
Might have restored him to our anxious hearts.
My mother prayed him tell her was there aught
That gold could purchase, or that love might seek,
Which he desired; so tenderly she sought
To bring back smiles upon the hollow cheek.
"Are there no violets yet?" he answered low.
We sent out messengers the country round;
In vain, in vain! the hills were deep with snow,
And cruel frost lay on the level ground.
"Will not the violets come before the spring?"
How plaintive came the question; day by day
None could be found; it only served to wring
Our loving hearts to answer always, "Nay."
At last one day he woke revived from sleep,
And, smiling, thanked us for them; but we said
It was a dream; for still the snow lay deep;
Not e'en a snow-drop dared to lift its head.
Yet he averred their perfume filled the air;
"How could he doubt it? sure the flowers were nigh!"
Alas! we knew no violets could be there;
Yet seemed they present to his fervid eye.
So spoke he, till he slept. He woke no more!
Sweet brother! was it worthy of regrets
That the next morn, from distant parts, they bore
To our sad home the longed-for violets?
Was he by fancy happily deceived?
Or were his dying senses rarefied,
And actual knowledge blissfully achieved,
Tasting the fragrance as he softly died?
I wept while bending o'er his coffin'd rest,
Hushing my anguish for a last caress;
I strewed the violets on his pallid breast,
Perhaps still conscious of their loveliness.

THE MIGHTY OCEAN.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON.

THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe belong to the ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost

in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead.

The tempest on land is impeded by forests and broken by mountains; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and, when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves, which have called it up, still roll its terrors onward.

The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan; his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble, and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore as scarcely worthy of its care, and the watery gem, which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek, amid their silent magnificence, his burial monument.

The island, the continent, the shores of civilized and savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength.

Over the majesty of its form and the marvels of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld it rolleth now. The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom float away to encircle the globe. On distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bound, to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim, in every land, the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business on the great waters, to see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

Let one go upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity: a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious, and unknown, will come upon him with a power all unknown before; and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

Man, also, has made the ocean the theater of his power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose, and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him, and his needle now settles with a fixedness, which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid earth, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium was suspended the empire of the world.

In the Gulf of Salamis the pride of Persia found a grave, and the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino, while at Trafalgar and the Nile nations held their breath,

"As each gun,
From its adamant lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane's eclipse
Of the sun."

But of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations, and habits to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountains of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge.

Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to the land. He will still move in his dreams over that waste of waters—still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataracts.

DEATH IN A GALILEAN PRISON.
BY REV. ASAHEL ABBOTT.

"GIVE me the head of John the Baptist in a charger," said Herodias, the fair young Atheist, fully instructed by her mother—"give me the head of John the Baptist in a charger." The king, Sadducee and libertine as he is, with all the customary belief of his class in ghosts, and phantasies, and apparitions, is overwhelmed with astonishment and grief at her request. He now finds to his cost who it is that has ensnared him, while he thought to favor an almeé whose trade is to sing, and dance, and roll the wanton eye in theaters and festive halls, when kings will have celebrated their own vices and their idol-gods' past shame.

Vainly will he plead excuse and offer the costliest gifts to be released from his hard conditions; for he venerates John as the holiest man in the world, and doubts not, if he can but hold his body a little longer, he may obtain a dispensation such as popes give to serve the lust of kings; and, with backward mutterings and soothing charms, the angels of Herodias' nuptial chamber may be quieted so as never to avenge her wedlock treachery or disturb their adulterous spirits with fears of a hereafter; and God surely will not much concern himself as to what his refractory children may do here under an inevitable law of sin; having no such fire burning in gehenna, to devour soul and body, as the grim old prophets have sung; no deathless worms to feed upon the putrefied spirit, nor any gnashing of teeth in outer darkness. But how shall he retract? He has sworn by heaven and earth, and if there be any fear beneath the earth, and he must perform it to the fullest extent, or incur the sneers and laughter of his boon companions, as well as the contempt and execration of that vile woman for whose sake he has sold himself, soul and body, to works of darkness, and can not escape his bonds.

But not unavenged shall the prophet die. Devout men shall bear him to his burial, and lament him with weeping, and wailing, and fasting through seven days and nights; then, purified with atonements and piacular

lustrations, they renew, at certain seasons, the ineffable grief. Nor shall any nation rise and become great beneath the sun where the fame of the blessed eremite shall not come, fragrant, and pure, and immortal, as if a moist and sweet wind blew over the earth from the shores of Paradise, while all nations shall despise the imbecility of Herod, and execrate the depravity of his hateful paramour. Meanwhile, for a few days, the infamous Herodias may embalm and preserve for insult the cut-off head, and, with her senseless bodkin, day by day, pierce through and through the tongue that never uttered nor excused a falsehood, never palliated a crime, never compromised good with evil, nor made strong the hands of the lawless by refusing to declare all the truth of God like an angel of his presence. O God! how awfully mysterious, how inscrutable are thy ways toward mortals! A Jezebel may reign when an Elijah must flee to deserts from her hatred that shall yet become meat for dogs. A Pharaoh may load a whole nation with most miserable oppression, while Moses pines forty years in solitude, where he can effect nothing for the help of his brethren in the captivity they bewail before the gods of Nile, till the destined hour that shall overwhelm the rout of the Assyrian usurper beneath the billows of the Red Sea. Martyrs must bleed while kings go to revels, and fair women mingle with effeminate men in the sprightly dance, to the viol's brisk sound, till the stars fade and the dawn reddens above the ashes of their Auto da Fe, that servile hands carefully gather up and fling into the current of a river that shall bear them to the sea, and the sea shall waft them to distant shores as the seeds of new empires, destined to flourish in eternal renown, when they that wear out the saints of the Most High have left their posterity to devour each other with intestine faction, till France, and Spain, and Italy, and Portugal, and Austria, and Ireland become fain to send their famished multitudes beyond sea, that they may sweat for their bread as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the children of the martyrs.

In a lone and dreary retreat beyond the snow-white Pyrenees, where the sad sea-waves roll endlessly upon the Cantabrian shores, among a savage and murderous rabble that starve on raw fish, and, like Lamie or Laestrygons, banquet upon the flesh of strangers, the accursed pair shall quickly end their days, exiled and sequestered from all their former splendors. There, with unavailing tears, shall they bewail the prophet that died in his Galilean prison, and the beautiful but despicable Salome, that made her grave in the fatal waters of Rhone, and left her headless body to be devoured by fish.

GRAVES OF GOLD DIGGERS.

THE graves of gold diggers! What a solemn and impressive theme for reflection! What dismal remembrances fill the contemplative mind as it rests from the busy life about us, to ponder over and explore the subject that warns us so sadly of life's vicissitudes, its fortunes, the bitter fate, the untimely doom, the sorrowing hearts left behind—all the thousand gloomy associations that commingle, as Memory broods, with drooping wing, over the past! We look around, and upon hill-side and plain, far amid the solitudes of the mountains, high upon the craggy peaks, deep in the dark caverns and silent ravines, are strewn the graves of gold seekers. Winter, with its storms, its roar of rushing waters, its

long, gloomy days and cloudy skies, sweeps over the narrow resting-place of all that remains of many a noble, manly form, that once inhaled, with the breath of life, all the high hopes and proud ambitions that inspire the best among us. Summer comes, laden with reviving breath, giving birth to the thousand shrubs and flowers that deck the hill-sides, and awaken from the sod, where it heaps above the miner's grave; but there is no hand to train the wild vine, no foot to disturb the solitude of his long and deep repose. And so, throughout the wild region of the gold mines, their graves are to be found. Where the hungry wolf scares the raven from his prey, where the eternal waters sound a requiem for the departed, and the voice of human being rarely breaks the gloom of the evening that descends and the morn that dawns upon their last, silent slumber, there may be found the deserted graves of gold diggers.

It is not the thought that they may have perished in manhood's prime, that, by the wayside of life, many a youthful, longing heart has wearied with the stern march, or faltered in the battle, that alone impresses us with the sad solemnity of our subject. But in contemplation above the silent, inanimate forms that once breathed "lusty life," we think we stand upon the shores of time, which, like a broad ocean, sweeps far away to where the living stood but a few short years ago. We see them trim their barks for the golden land of promise; we look upon the home from which they steer, even as they had often lingered in memory, to look back upon all that was dear to them; we watch the inadverse changes by "flood and field," and witness, at last, their fortunes rise, like sea-nymphs from the wave, to cheer and aid them on. But while they press eagerly forward, a shadow sweeps the horizon of their hopes. In vain its warning; the clouds that gather around them are unnoted in their foreshadowings of ill; all is unseen save the bright phantom that lures on to wealth.

They are enshrouded, engulfed, gone, even with outstretched arms, clutching for the fading vision that but tempted a sad fate. Amid the stern mountains, his hard couch surrounded by rough men, his ebbing life scarcely noted by his busy comrades, who toil incessantly, with rough jest and rude civilities, beside him, how will the rallying senses of the dying wanderer recall the bright scenes of youth and home that once cheered him and imparted happiness to his earlier days! How will the loneliness, the fearfulness of the solemn hour, weigh down his soul! how dark will become the prospect that shuts out from him the light of familiar faces and the voices of cherished friends forever, and opens to him the solitude of a wilderness grave! For gold he sought these distant shores; for gold he has given up his life.

"Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity hath brought thee here?"

and bitter indeed will be the recollections of the hope that once animated and the desire that once enslaved him. His grave, far remote from his native land and kindred, will be watered alone by the dews and smoothed or strewn by the winds of heaven. Such, alas! has been the fate of hundreds; such is the grave of the gold digger.

Incidents of sudden and untimely death have occurred with greater frequency, under circumstances more painful and heart-rending, in California, than in any other state to which adventurers have ever gone. Immigration has been composed of the noblest and best of

America's sons, and the ravages of disease and the steel of the assassin have robbed many a fireside of its most cherished idol. But if it has shattered the earthly happiness of many, the adventurer has elevated to new life and un hoped-for bliss a greater number, and restored fortune's favors to the deserving, where, perhaps, a life of hard labor in the home-land would have barely furnished means of subsistence. And those who have gone down the dark valley, and are buried amid the scenes of their golden toil, may sleep as peacefully beside the rushing waters of the mountain stream, as though their graves were made in the quiet vales of their native homes. The fresh, flower-decked turf has been kindly heaped above them, and their career upon earth has been closed in the same glowing trust of an immortal life that could soothe their dying hour attended by the watchful, weeping friends of their infancy. The sun shines as brightly above their graves, and Nature is as gay in the land where they sleep their last sleep as upon the soil where they were lulled to rest when life's day-dream was new.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

BY ALARIO A. WATTS.

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is placed in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, What joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside?

Shrine of my household deities;
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burdened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns or care annoys;
Thine is the bliss that never cloya,
The smile whose truth has oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel joys
To thee—my own fireside?

O, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

GOD gives life, not only to us who have immortal souls, but to every thing on the face of the earth; for the psalm has been talking all through not only of men but of beasts, fishes, trees, and rivers, and rocks, sun and moon. Now, all these things have a life in them. Not a life like ours; but still you speak rightly and wisely when you say, "That tree is alive, and that tree is dead. That running water is live water; it is clear and fresh; but if it is kept standing it begins to putrefy; its life is gone from it, and a sort of death comes over it, and makes it foul, and unwholesome, and unfit to drink."

This is a deep matter, this, how there is a sort of life in every thing, even to the stones under our feet. I do not mean, of course, that stones can think as our life makes us do, or feel as the beasts' life makes them do, or even grow as the trees' life makes them do; but I mean that their life keeps them as they are, without changing. You hear miners and quarrymen talk very truly of the live rock. That stone, they say, was cut out of the live rock, meaning the rock as it was under ground, sound and hard; as it would be, for aught we know, to the end of time, unless it was taken out of the ground, out of the place where God's Spirit meant it to be, and brought up to the open air and the rain, in which it is not its nature to be; and then you will see that the life of the stone begins to pass from it bit by bit, that it crumbles and peels away, and, in short, decays, and is turned again to its dust. Its organization, as it is called, or life, ends, and then—what? Does the stone lie forever useless? No. And there is the great, blessed mystery of how God's Spirit is always bringing life out of death. When the stone is decayed and crumbled down to dust and clay, it makes soil. This very soil here, which you plow, is the decayed ruins of ancient hills; the clay which you dig up in the fields was once part of some slate or granite mountains, which were worn away by weather and water, that they might become fruitful earth. Wonderful! But any one who has studied these things can tell you they are true. Any one who has ever lived in mountainous countries ought to have seen the thing happen—ought to know that the land in the mountain valleys is made at first, and kept rich year by year by the washings from the hills above; and this is the reason why land left dry by rivers and by the sea is generally so rich. Then what becomes of the soil? It begins a new life. The roots of the plants take it up; the salts which they find in it—the staple, as we call them—go to make leaves and seed; the very sand has its use; it feeds the stocks of corn and grass, and makes them stiff. The corn-stalks would never stand upright if they could not get sand from the soil. So what a thousand years ago made part of a mountain, now makes part of a wheat plant; and in a year more the wheat grain will have been eaten, and the wheat straw, perhaps, eaten too, and they will have *died*—decayed in the bodies of the animals who have eaten them, and then they will begin a third new life—they will be turned into parts of the animal's body—of a man's body. So what is now your bone and flesh may have been once a rock on some hill-side a hundred miles away.

OVERDOING MATTERS.

"DON'T, my love; don't loll about in your chair in that way! I never saw such an awkward girl!"

The child sat erect in boarding-school trim; back straight and hands in her lap; precise and prim.

"Now, Charles, don't! How you do fill your mouth, and stuff it out in the most vulgar possible way. Don't take such large bites, I beseech you."

Charles was more moderate for the next few months; but Jane had by this time relapsed, and reclined in her chair for a rest.

"Girl, you are lolling again! Go out of the room this minute."

And Jane vanished in tears, though relieved from the restraint of the perpetual "Don't."

The mother was not done yet. "Don't make such a

noise, children. Can't you sit down quietly, and learn your lessons? John, you'll never be any thing but a dunce, unless you get on."

Charles was slinking out of the room to enjoy the liberty of the back lane: but again the mother's "Don't, Charles," called him back.

And so the round of useless annoyance went on, till the children, sad and soured, were sent to bed.

This is an instance of "governing too much;" imposing prohibitions which are only felt to be such; a limitation of freedom which makes even little children wince under it as a despotism.

These children, though they do not reason, are quick to feel such little grievances. They work into their temper, and make them querulous and bitter. The "don't" soon finds a response in their own hearts; and "Don't bother me" is what they think, if they do not say it.

All unnecessary interference with children's liberty is a positive evil. Restraints there must be, and guidance; but when almost every movement is accompanied by prohibition, when every little word is corrected, and every action criticised, they feel that interference is being pushed beyond reasonable bounds, and they become "stupid," irritated, or positively rebellious.

Prohibitions that are imposed only to be disregarded are positive evils. They induce a habit of disregarding authority. They teach insubordination, and tend only to disorder. The spirit of a child can only be educated in freedom; but, in the constant reiteration of "don't," you have only bondage, prohibition, repulsion. The child sees little faults and great faults subject indiscriminately to the same condemnation, and learns to treat each alike with the same disregard. Thus the power of the educator is lost, and, in course of time, becomes impotent to repress any real fault.

"Don't" teaches nothing. It reduces the child to a machine, which is not the best way of qualifying it for a recipient of knowledge. "Don't" makes him timid and suspicious, and tired of a self-government which has no certainty and no satisfaction in it. It perplexes his moral sense, and incapacitates him from doing right of his own accord. It habituates him to subjection to others' wills, and hinders the growth of self-reliance and the capacity of self-government.

SUNSET.

As glorious as he rises sets the beaming king of day. He casts purple and gold upon the regions to which he has given light and blessing during his diurnal course, and a soft blush overspreads the distant sky. What a spectacle! Yonder all glows with fire; here all reposes in mild and rosy light; and there, all in purest gold. How it streams over the water! how it gleams upon the windows!

What a sunset! That which sets thus must surely rise again.

That is not a parting; no, it is a pledge of return, full of triumphant anticipation. That glance upon the world is a glance of joy at the completed work—a great glance of victory at the coming night. And that which we call the glow of evening, does it not appear, to the opposite hemisphere, as the blush of morn?

The silent evening comes on, a herald of night, and in the evening appears yet once in its highest splendor the light of day; and, when the night is past, in its highest splendor the light of day will break anew.

Stillness of evening! how thou dost refresh, with thy coolness, with thy dew, all that which the heat of day has enfeebled, and invitest man into thy balmy bowers, pourest peace into his soul, and softest and stillest his heart, and drawest tears, sweet tears, from his melted bosom!

The night draws darkly on to cover and to cool, and to hush all to repose—all that the day has rendered hot, and sore, and weary. Slumber, soft, refreshing slumber, will soon fall upon all beings, inwrap them gently, and rock them in golden dreams.

Sleep of the night! thou costliest gift of nature, how thou dost refresh all wearied beings! How kindly dost thou veil from man his sorrows and his cares, and liftest gently from his bosom the heavy pain, and renderest him forgetful of all the toils of life!

And how my soul delights in the glow which proclaims that day is about to reappear!

Yes; he will rise when sleep has refreshed me; I shall see him, the bright king of day, and all life will awake to welcome him; all life will be joyous at his approach. Happy that I can see all this—that my heart can feel it all!

The truly good man dies as the sun sets. More glorious than in life he appears in death. His heart heaves mightily, and beams of light overspread his countenance; all that is noble in his bosom stirs with power against the dark tide of death; above all, his consciousness of immortality. His last glance is a glance of victory upon the world; a glance of joy at his completed work; a glance of triumph at the already dawning morn of a new existence. He dies in the remembrance of the blessings of Heaven, which have strengthened and delighted him on earth, with a feeling of that heavenly love which cheered and warmed his days in the consciousness of the good which he has performed, and in the happy hope of a better life to which he is hastening.

Thus let me die, Lord of my life, beneficent Father—die in the feeling of thy love, in the consciousness of a life passed in thy service, in the happy hope of a heavenly immortality!

A WORD TO A WIFE.

AMONG the peculiar qualities of the human character a kind disposition is a priceless ruby. Its intrinsic value can never be estimated by any human mode of reckoning; nor can its absence be supplied by any other accomplishment, however fascinating in appearance. Often more is lost than many are aware of, through the lack of respectful and affectionate attention, even in small things. It is so in personal intercourse, in family associations, and in the common civilities of society. There is an innate principle in the disposition of man which can traverse like the magnetic needle. Affectionate kindness, like the loadstone, always attracts it, and nothing else will. In the absence of this quality it will assuredly fly off in another direction. For instance, the husband's affection can not always brave unpleasant and uncourteous language, oft repeated by the wife of his bosom, however strong his attachment may have been at first. His affection can not always stand a repeated din of fault-finding, nor brook oft an unpleasant and uncourteous spirit. If his home can not be made peaceful and pleasant, he feels that he is indeed wretched. As a consequence of this many a husband has daily been driven to spend hours from home, which would otherwise have been pleasantly spent at his own

fireside. Many such, in the absence of enjoyment at home, have vainly sought it in other places, till goaded to madness, under disappointed feeling, have fallen into dissipation, licentiousness, and ruin. Such occurrences are, by no means, rare, and were all the facts of them laid open to the light, the origin of them would be traced to neglect of respectful attention, small at the beginning. A morose disposition will assuredly increase, like a disease, if it is not cured. Shun it, then, as you would a wasting consumption, which is continually gnawing at your vitals of life. How winning to the careworn mind is the pleasant smile and the soothing language of an affectionate heart! Think of it, fair reader, and ponder well the path of wisdom.

THE VENAL SANCTUARY.

BY REV. JAMES GILBURN LYONS, LL. D.

I TROD the hallowed ground that bore
A Christian temple, tall and proud,
When, at each wide and lofty door,
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd;
A welcome day bid all rejoice—
A fair and ancient festival,
And the glad organ's mighty voice
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall.
Full many a token marked the fold
Where rich and high believers meet,
The sacred volume, clasped in gold,
The costly robe and drowsy seat:
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate—
That ample fane, from vault to spire,
Looked solemn all and calmly great.
But mark! An old and weary man
A stranger, clad "in raiment vile,"
With failing steps and features wan,
Went tottering up the fair, broad aisle;
They cast him out—O, faithless race!—
On some rude bench, unseen, remote;
Convicted, in that hour and place,
Of a lean purse and threadbare coat!
Yes; and if He, who saved the lost,
Stood fainting on that haughty floor,
Arrayed in weeds of little cost,
Meek as he sought our world before;
In spite of words which none might blame,
And works of goodness freely done,
That sordid post of wrong and shame
Would greet Jehovah's only Son.
O, for a prophet's tongue or pen
To warn the great in wealth and birth,
Who build their God a house, and then
Plant there the meanest pomps of earth!
To brand that Church which spurns the poor
From every vain and venal pew,
Where "clothed in purple" herd secure,
To kneel or sleep, the lordly few!
Give me the shed, low, bare, and plain,
Where love and humble truth abide,
Rather than earth's most noble fane,
Defiled by selfish pomp and pride;
Give me the damp and desert sod
Walled in by dark old forest-trees,
Roofed over by the skies of God—
But perish temples such as these!

DR. OLIN.

THE secret of his success was, from the first of his Christian experience, a full and permanent surrender of his entire being to God. The elements of his astonishing power were "Christ in him," saving him, sustaining

him, and filling him with the mighty power of the Holy Ghost. Christ says to his disciples, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you;" he experienced and exhibited the truth of that statement. Though intellectually and morally great, and though he must have known that the people saw and acknowledged his superiority, yet he was as unaffectedly humble as a child. Whoever has heard him pray must have been struck with this thought. This was a striking element in his character, manifesting itself not only in the chapel and the pulpit, but in private and everywhere. Whoever thought, when hearing him preach, that he was preaching himself, or attempting to make a display of rhetoric or oratory? No minister ever succeeded better in hiding himself behind the cross, and but few, if any, ever made the power of the cross more sensibly felt on the assembled audience. If any would aim at the greatest possible usefulness in life, let them imitate our beloved but lamented Olin, in the fullness and permanency of self-dedication to God, and their object will be secured.

THE MAN OF MEDIOCRITY.

It is not deep learning but mediocrity which is most commensurate with the exigencies of humanity, and, in consequence, by a wise provision, most amply provided. The abstractions of theorists, and the subtleties of metaphysicians, seldom avail for the practical uses of life. Projects and conceptions derived from such sources are only suited to the ideal world in which they originate. They are little more than the stuff that dreams are made of, and irrelevant and out of keeping with actual realities. The individuals most celebrated, those who have made the most impression on their age, and given to it its shaping direction, have rarely been distinguished by high intellect. They possessed uncommon endowments, no doubt; but they were endowments for action, not speculation—for the multitude, not a cloister. Of this description were Whitefield, John Wesley, Martin Luther, and John Knox. Extraordinary men they certainly were—men of great gifts—but they were gifts more of the heart than of the head, of zeal and enthusiasm, of an untiring body and spirit. In minds they were commonplace, and sought to work out their ends by commonplace appliances. They did not, in vulgar phrase, try to cut blocks with a razor, but shrewdly appreciating the wants and capabilities of the masses, framed accordingly the form and temper of their instruments. In this they showed practical, if not abstract, genius.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BLESSED be Him who gave it as a perpetual fountain of life to the world! and blessed be the mother who teaches her children to lisp it with their first accents! How many millions have sat beside its "still waters" in their childhood, and, from the inspiration of its pure waves, been enabled to overcome the temptations which have beset their path in after years! How much sin, how much crime, how much moral desolation, has it saved to the world! and how much piety, how much purity, how much verdure, has it begotten! As the kind mother gathered her little ones about her knees on that evening, to hear them say their prayers before retiring to rest, our eyes filled with tears from our childish recollections of one who has been with the angels of God for twenty years, and whose holy precepts will be

forever engraven on the tablet of our heart. We hope the reader will not think us egotistical; for we speak the experience of millions, as well as our own: the prayer which she taught us has beamed in our horizon, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and we should have been saved many a bitter sigh if we had followed it more faithfully. Blessed be the mother, we repeat, who teaches it to her child!

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

A CHILD's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought! what on earth could be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child can not understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return. It will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought. It will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss—whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

"I HAVE WEPT WITH HIM"

SMOOTH and cheerful of aspect are the familiarities of every-day life; but who can mistake their roving glances for the steadfast, tearful, unfathomable eyes of friendship? There was an everlasting truth in the words of that woman who, when asked why her love and interest clung so closely, so obstinately, so unceasingly around one whom the world neglected, and who, perchance, deserved its neglect, said, "I have wept with him." And who questions the eternity of a tie thus cemented? We are joined together as by nails, which pierce while they unite, but which can not be extracted without shivering the wood they have penetrated.

THE HEART.

THE little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the dire pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the mind's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-men with Him from whose hand it came.

HEROISM.

"YOU have entered the ship with Christ," said Luther to his friend John of Hesse; "you have entered the ship with Christ; what do you look for? Fine weather? Rather expect winds, tempests, and waves to cover the vessel till she begins to sink. This is the baptism with which you must first be baptized; and then the calm will follow upon your awakening with Christ, and imploring his help; for sometimes he will appear to sleep for a season."

NEW BOOKS.

SUMMARY OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By *Archbishop Whately*. Cincinnati: *Swormstedt & Poyer*. 1851.—This, though a small volume, is probably one of the very best, if not really the best, elementary treatise on the evidences of Christianity extant. The style of the author is remarkably lucid, and even captivating. Every illustration chosen seems fitted exactly to the matter under discussion. Youthful readers will specially be profited by the careful study of the little volume before us.

WISDOM IN MINIATURE: being a *Collection of Proverbs, Apothegms, and striking Sentences and Paragraphs, from Ancient and Modern Authors.* Compiled by *Daniel Smith*. New York: *Lane & Scott*. 1851.—A very neat little volume for the pocket is this *Wisdom in Miniature*. In his preface, the compiler says that he has selected chiefly from the collection of *Fielding*, published in London in 1824. The objectionable sayings contained in *Fielding*, however, are omitted by Mr. Smith, while their place has been supplied with wise maxims, pointed sayings, and striking paragraphs from modern writers.

THE FOUR GOSPELS; arranged as a *Practical Family Commentary for Every Day in the Year.* By the Author of "*The Peep of Day*." Edited, with an *Introductory Preface*, by *Stephen H. Tyng*, D. D. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 1851.—With the theology of this commentary we have not familiarized ourselves. The manner and the style, however, please us much. Twelve highly illustrated steel plates accompany the volume.

MEMORIALS OF THE EARLY PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN THE EASTERN STATES. By *Rev. Abel Stevens*. Boston: *C. H. Peirce & Co.* 1851.—The *Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into the Eastern States*, given to the public some years since, met with a rapid and wide-spread sale, and most deservedly so, too. We see nothing in this volume to hinder it from having the same free course as its predecessor. Very few men write with the same edge and sprightliness as our friend Stevens, and we know that none will regret the purchase and perusal of this second volume of Methodism from his delightful pen.

COSMOS: a *Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By *Alexander Von Humboldt*. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. 1851.—This is volume third of *Humboldt's Cosmos*. Its specific design is "to present those results of observation on which the present condition of scientific opinion is grounded." We confess not to a very great liking of *Humboldt* as a writer for men who recognize God as the architect of the universe. He labors studiously, it seems, all the while to say nothing that would indicate a religious belief, and we can not, therefore, recommend his writings, in a religious sense, with any thing of confidence to the public.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Designed for *Colleges and Advanced Classes in Schools.* By *Charles D. Cleveland*. Philadelphia: *E. C. & J. Biddle*. 1851.—This is a book of extracts and biographical notices, and is gotten up in remarkably fine taste. Like its predecessor, "*Cleveland's Compendium of English Literature*," we trust this work of more modern character may have a wide fame and large sale.

TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES DURING 1849 AND 1850. By *Lady Elinore Stewart Wortley*. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. 1851.—The tone of this volume is far more lenient than that which the generality of transatlantic tourists indulge toward us. The fair authoress, though frequently finding things of a nature different from her own notions, does not fret and get mad, but passes every thing over in a spirit of quiet good-humor. The work is made up chiefly of letters and fragmentary pieces, and is not, in consequence, quite so much of a book, in the dignified sense of that term, as one would think; yet we are of opinion that this very desultoriness of character is one of the highest recommendations which it can possess. People in reading travels like something crisp, terse, and fragmentary. They do not sit down to rambles or narratives as they would sit down to read an essay or study a problem in mathematics.

PERIODICALS.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for October, beside its usual literary miscellany, presents us with a list of nine articles, as follows:

1. *Holiness*, by *Rev. President J. T. Peck*, is a highly favorable notice of *Rev. R. S. Foster's* recent work, entitled, *Nature and Blessedness of Christian Purity*. One of the closing paragraphs reads thus: "Purchase the book—read it over and over again—lend it—give it to your friends, scatter it broad-cast, with your fervent prayers for the blessing of God upon its lucid instructions, its cogent reasonings, and its irresistible appeals."

2. *The Doctrine of the Logos in the Introduction to John's Gospel*, by *James Strong*, evinces great research. The reader will recollect Mr. Strong from a sketch of his in our last number.

3. *Algernon Sidney*—most elegantly written, and very instructive and entertaining. It is from the pen of *Rev. D. Curry*, well known in the literary and religious world.

4. *The Government and Discipline of the Apostolic Church*—to the general reader will prove dry and metaphysical. The article, however, is a very able one, and is worthy of careful perusal.

5. *The Patriarchal Age* is a very sensible review, by *Rev. H. M. Harman*, of *Dr. Smith's Patriarchal Age*, recently republished from the English edition by Messrs. Lane & Scott.

6. *John Randolph*—full of extracts, and very exciting from beginning to end. No one need be urged to read it.

7. *The Bible and Civil Government* reviews *Dr. J. M. Matthews's* work on this subject, and makes out that the government of the Hebrews recognized the elective franchise.

8. *Origen and Hippolytus* discusses the antiquity and genuineness of a MS. brought from Greece, and has many points of curiosity in it.

9. *Death of President Olin* is a brief but affectionate tribute to the memory of *Dr. Olin* by his friend the editor.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for October, in addition to its critical notices, has eight articles:

1. *The Republic of Chile*—a very interesting and spirited paper.

2. *Fowler's English Grammar*—somewhat severe in censure, but not too much so. A friend at our elbow says that Mr. Fowler's work is, in many respects, a downright plagiarism, and that he takes whole sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes parts of pages, from Professor Latham without the least acknowledgment, either in a special or general way.

3. *Slavery in the United States, its Evils, Alleviations, and Remedies*, is a very long but well-tempered review of the manner in which the slavery question has agitated us as a republic.

4. *Physical Geography*—a laudatory notice of *Mary Somerville's* recent treatise with this title.

5. *Hildreth's History of the United States*—a valuable article; severe occasionally, but, on the whole, a just estimate of Mr. Hildreth as historian of this country.

6. *Hugh Miller and Popular Science* is, in the main, a complimentary notice of Mr. Miller as a man of letters and of science. We have perused the article with pleasure.

7. *The Life and Poetry of Wordsworth*—brief, but very acceptable as a contribution to biographical and poetical literature.

8. *Parkman's History of Pontiac's War*—a vivacious paper, and will be read by all who wish to acquaint themselves with the war of the North American tribes against the English colonies, after the conquest of Canada.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for October contains a good list of original articles, and its usual spicy Editor's Table. The *Knickerböcker* is a great favorite in all literary circles, both east and west.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS has in October articles on *Christian Perfection*, *The Soul Wedded to Christ*, *Death is Yours*, *The Infidel—the Sanctified—Mrs. Garrettson*, and *Letters Illustrative of Christian Experience*. No periodical is doing more for the health of our Zion than the *Guide to Holiness*. We wish both editor and publisher abundant reward in their labors.

NEWSPAPERS.

CHILDREN! they are a sacred happiness! How many have been saved from despair or sin by the voice and smile of these unconscious little ones! The neglected, miserable, maltreated wife has still one bright spot in her home: in that darkness a watchlight burns: she has her children's love, she will strive for her children. Idiots are they who, in family quarrels, seek to punish the mother by parting her from her offspring; for in that blasphemy against nature they do violence to God's own decrees, and lift away from her heart the consecrated instruments of his power.

Vague and imperfect as our ideas of death, that most terrible of all separations, are the first feelings which attend it. We grieve, indeed; but, while we grieve, there is a want of reality and certainty in our sorrow. We repeat to ourselves that they are lost—gone—vanished forever; and, even while we repeat it, feel as though they might return. For months, the possibility of writing to them lingers vaguely in our minds; they seem absent, not buried. We recollect that they are dead, with a burst of weeping, when this mechanical impulse is passed. It is not till lonely seasons have revolved; till joys which they would have shared, anxieties which they might have alleviated, events in which they would have their part, have all been our portion, and ours only; till the grasp of welcome or congratulation has long been unmet; till the opinions we used to value have been long unasked; till we have stood in some trial of life, and felt the want of our accustomed counselor and friend, that we thoroughly comprehend the world of separation and bereavement contained in that short phrase, "He is dead!"

Who made your mode of thinking and feeling the standard and example by which your fellow-creatures are to be tried? God made one man strong, another weak; one dark, another fair; one merry, another sad. One can not weep for sternness, and another's tears "lie high," as the phrase is. We are all as different as possible; we are all faulty, and we owe each other a continually running debt of indulgence; instead of which, we all walk through the world as if quite perfect, and provoked at not meeting equal perfection.

Xenophanes, an old sage, when he was upbraided, and called timorous, because he would not venture his money at any of the games, "I confess," said he, "that I am exceedingly timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing."

Two persons in a quarrel referred the matter to Mr. Howels, who, after hearing each accuse the other, while both declared themselves without blame, said, "My judgment is this: Let the innocent forgive the guilty."

An unfortunate fellow went to a miser and asked for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as the end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing; for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift."

Articles of provision were once called for to go down the Mississippi to a missionary station. A certain man subscribed two bushels of wheat. When the time came to carry it to the boat, he thought one bushel as much as he ought to give, and if all would give even that it would amount to a great deal. He measured back one-half, and left it on his barn-floor. On his return, he found that his best cow had broken into the barn, and eaten most of what was left, and was dead in consequence.

Beautiful is the love of a sister—the kiss that hath no guile, no passion: the touch is purity, and bringeth peace and satisfaction to the heart. Beautiful is the love of a sister; it is moonlight on our path—it is of heaven, and sheds its peace upon the earth.

What a mysterious thing is a blush, that a single word, a look, or a thought, should send inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing! The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, more than the gloves or the sock which cover them! It is the face that is heaven! There may be traced the intellectual phenomena with confidence amounting to moral certainty.

Outward goodness is a mere shell. It is but the shadow of a shade. There must be something within it, or it has no substance. Such goodness will only follow religion, like one of John Bunyan's characters, while it wears its silver slippers. Such goodness falls in the hour of temptation. It reminds one of the oriental tale Lord Bacon tells of, where a cat was changed to a lady, and she behaved very lady-like, till a mouse ran through the room, when she sprang down upon her hands and chased it. So with children; if their goodness is only an outward thing, when temptation comes they will down and follow. Give them right motives, sound principles, and they will be firm. In after life the waves of affliction may howl around them, and they will stand serene amid the tempest.

It is truly astonishing how little talent suffices to get on in the world. The intuitive cunning observable in children and animals is equal to the wants and desires of the individual; and the unideal babble and animal vivacity of the parrot passes for information and agreeableness—while genius and feeling, obstructed at every step by dullness and prejudice, or revolting at the meanness and littleness which thwart them, stop short in the first stage of their route, and, recoiling on themselves, too often live unknown and unbenefited by the world they enlighten and amuse.

When a calumny has rested for years on a man's character, all its virtues seem to our eyes poor and sickly under the influence of that unjustly imputed guilt, like the flowering shrubs in some spot of shady ground from which the sun's glad beams have been intercepted: but in the latter case the pining away is real; in the former, it only seems so to our jaundiced eyes; unless, indeed, which generally happens—though from different causes, to the humble as well as to the high, the meek as well as to the proud—a scornful sense of injustice withers or blights the better feelings of their nature, and in process of time makes them at last, in very truth, the wicked and unhappy beings which calumny at first called them in the bitterness of conscious falsehood.

Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine does the earth; but when the one is softened by the tears of sorrow, and the other by genial showers, they yield those fruits which the necessities of man require. Goodness is twice blessed, in what it gives and what it receives. The peace and comfort we impart to others is restored to our own bosom by the satisfaction of an approving conscience, as the vapors which ascend through the day fall back at night in refreshing dews upon the earth.

Many who seem to carry the liberty of the people highest serve them like trout—tickle them till they catch them.

Thou hast seen many troubles, travel-stained pilgrim of the world. But that which hath vexed thee most hath been the looking for evil. And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped upon thy head, yet ills that never happened have chiefly made thee wretched.

The difference between a well-bred man and an ill-bred one is this, one immediately attracts our liking, the other our aversion. We love the one till we find reason to hate him; we hate the other till we find reason to love him.

Our pleasures are, for the most part, short, false, and deceitful; and, like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour with the sad repentance of many.

Never expect any assistance or consolation in thy necessities from drinking companions.

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

In one man grief is mute as the moss, and hard as the stone. Strike it with a sledge-hammer, and it may dully and sullenly ring—but break it shall not—nay, nor yield a single splinter. Grief in another man is like a pound of butter, and he would be a poor pugilist who could not make a "dent in it."

Whenever you speak any thing, think well, and look narrowly what you speak, of whom you speak, and to whom you speak, lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

People may be forced into or out of external conformity, but not into or out of conviction.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH the present number we close our eleventh volume. Though not entirely free from affliction in the year just passed, we think we can say with a heart full of gratitude that it is as well with us as it is. Over many a heart and around many a fireside the thick shadows of death have fallen, and eyes that once gleamed with brightness, and cheeks that once glowed with the rose of health, are now still and pallid in the grave. The snows of winter rest heavily on bosoms once instinct with life, and over forms once full of warmth and activity howls the remorseless spirit of the storm. Boast we of our strength? Small cause has any for boast. Our bodies, though athletic and strong, are soon wasted by sickness or cut down by death. "All flesh is as grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." A more appropriate figure than is contained in these words can no where be found. Beautiful, the most beautiful of all natural objects is a flower. In the rapidity of its growth, the delicacy of its structure, the elegance of its colors, and the exquisiteness of its fragrance, how emblematic of the spring-tide of our life! and not only of our lives, but how emblematic of the dangers of life! Struck by the hand of the reckless, trodden by the foot of violence, nipt by the chilling wind, it is first spoiled, and then cast out as worthless.

"So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And softer than the virgin rose.
Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away."

When the bark sinks into the waters of the sea, but a ripple or a wave tells where it goes down; and when we, having sailed on the sea of life, sink beneath its waves, scarcely a motion or a change of the wide surface around is visible to the eye of our fellow-mortals.

"My poor, bleeding heart," writes a correspondent, "who but Him in heaven can bind it up? I have stood by the bedside of friends, and given them the hand of parting, as they plunged into the cold swellings of death, but my heart bled not then, though the tear-drop told that that heart at least felt and sympathized with weeping kindred around. I have stood at the dying beds of relatives, and spoke farewell to them as they left the shores of time forever. I have seen the eye of a brother dimmed in death, and heard him half articulate, 'Good-by, brother! we'll meet again,' and unutterable emotion has filled my heart. But the struggle of my life was not reached till the mother of my daughter went home. Standing by her bedside, in memory now, methinks I see her pale, bloodless lips, her sunken cheek, her half-opened, loving, but glazed eyes fixed on mine. Tears, reader—O what tears of bitterness coursed down my cheeks then! how like the breaking up of a vast deep heaved my breast, and how wordless and indescribable the agony that seized on me! She sank away. My poor, dear wife died, and was buried. I went back to the world. I tried to mingle in its scenes, and to perform the duties that devolved on me; but when the day was gone, and my footsteps sought my once happy but now desolate home, how much did I wish, side by side with my own dearest, to be sleeping beneath the church-yard's turf! My little child—image of her mother—standing in the door, would, at my first step within the yard, call out, in innocent, childish tones, 'Papa, papa, come!' and then drawing her little chair to the table would say, 'Supper! papa, supper!' Forgive me, reader; my heart could contain no more. There I sat! the bitter salt tears hurrying unbidden down my face. My wife! she was not there. Her dress hung in one corner of the room, and a lock of her hair lay on a shelf in another, and in my hand was a small token marked with her initials. Turn where I would, I saw some memorial of her who was once my all of life. Call me weak, reader, and chide me in my tears; but I pray Heaven that my agony may never be yours. Sleep on, fair love, in thy cold and narrow bed! Sleep on—sweet is the grave's

unbroken slumber! No heart loved me like thine; no eye beamed joy, no voice spoke music to me as once did thine! Sleep on! sleep on!

'Above thy grave a thousand suns shall stream,
A thousand moonbeams quiver;
But not by thee again my steps shall be,
Forever, and forever!'

Yes, I will see thee yet again. I will see thee when time is no more, and when the redeemed of the Lord, standing on the holy hill, shall wave palms in their hands, and shall sing hosannas to Him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever!"

Blessed Jesus! what a Friend of friends to poor mortals struggling through time to the land of bliss! None else can do us good. Do you, reader, know him to be your Friend? Amid all the fluctuations around you, do you feel that his arm is supporting, that his voice is cheering you? Dark must be the soul without the rays of the blessed Gospel; miserable must be the heart whose only trust is in this world, and whose only hope fadeth with the flying vanities of time. Come to Christ, would you be happy; follow the teachings of the Holy Spirit, would you be taught aright; hearken to God, would you attain to happiness here and to a crown immortal in heaven.

Clinton W. Lee, for many years connected with our printing-office, died in Cincinnati, Wednesday, October 15th. His mother, wife of the venerable Jacob Young, of the Ohio conference, was with him in his last hours. Mr. Lee, in natural amiability of disposition and in purity of Christian character, had, among the thousands of young men, but few equals. He was for several years a student in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in 1848 took his first degree in the arts. During the recent Commencement in July, he received, on pronouncing the Master's oration, the second degree of A. M. By the Faculty and his fellow-students he was greatly esteemed. As leader of the college choir he won for himself a most enviable name. By all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, he was counted one of the few young men, who, having the glory of God before them, press steadily forward to the accomplishment of this great end. His sun of life went down, not obscured by clouds and darkness, but faded, in the beautiful language of Pollok, as fades the morning star, lost in the radiance of the rising luminary of day.

We take great pleasure in complying with the request of our correspondent living at Carlisle, Penn. Shall we not hear from you frequently the coming year?

Our plates—View on the Wabash, and She Will Love—must recommend themselves to the favorable regards of our readers. The first is from an original sketch by Mr. George White, as engraved by C. W. Jewett & Co., of this city; the second is a mezzotint, by our talented friend F. Edwin Jones, of New York.

We do not like to boast of ourselves, nor of what we shall do for the twelfth volume, which begins in January, yet we may be permitted a word or two. Each number as heretofore will be embellished with at least two fine engravings. Several of these are from original designs, and are illustrative of American scenes and scenery. They will be executed in a style not surpassed by any thing in this country. Original articles from the pens of the best writers in our Church, as well as from others distinguished for their ability, shall appear in our columns. Every variety of topic that can instruct and please we hope in some way to discuss. At the same time, we shall give such an amount of domestic and foreign correspondence as will be the most important. We shall continue to republish from foreign journals and reviews the very best articles which it may be possible to obtain, avoiding the use of all such as may have the least tendency toward political or ecclesiastical controversy. We do not intend simply to make the work a lady's parlor book, but hope to render it useful to every member of every family to which we may find access. In every respect we hope to improve on the past, and nothing shall be spared on our part to render it just such a work as shall be suitable for introduction into any circle of life.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

And how often, very gently,
Did you check my cadence then,
Till I read the sweetest verses
Over to you once again—
I have read that blessed poem
Many, many times since then!

This is over now, all over;
And 'tis better thus to be;
Yet I often sit and wonder
Who is reading soft to thee,
And if any voice is sweeter
To thy heart than mine would be!



VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1851.

NO. XII.

THE
LADIES'
REPOSITORY,



DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D., EDITOR.

Cincinnati:
L. SWORMSTEDT AND J. H. POWER.

New York:
G. LANE AND L. SCOTT.

—
R. P. THOMPSON, PRINTER.

Postage, 2 cents each number, any distance under 500 miles; over 500 and under 1,500, 4 cents; over 1,500 and under 2,500, 6 cents.

Ms. Cleaved

TO OUR PATRONS.

We thank you sincerely for past favors. Our list is larger now than ever. But, though we have no pecuniary interest whatever in this work, we would like to see it circulate more extensively. Our object is, to do our part in exterminating pernicious works, which exert so bad an influence on the taste and morals of the public. Will you help us? Will the *clergymen*, will the *heads of families*, will the *young gentlemen and ladies* of our common country, will our *former patrons*, will all who wish to see a pure and sound, yet entertaining and instructive literature put into the hands of the rising generation, lend us their hearty and continued co-operation? Remember, too, that our profits are given to the support of poor widows and their orphan children.

SWORMSTEDT & POWER,
LANE & SCOTT.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are induced, in this connection, to say, that the Ladies' Repository is a journal of far more elevated purpose and character than most of those which are devoted to the feminine taste of this country; as may be inferred, in part, from the extract which we have made to-day from its pages.—*New York Evening Post*.

The Ladies' Repository, for this month, is, as usual, full of interest to all who live for a better world. But we need not attempt to speak its praise: it speaks for itself.—*Havana Republican*.

We believe the Ladies' Repository to be the best monthly magazine published in this country, and destined, we doubt not, to a wider circulation than any other periodical of its kind. Its literature is of the first order; and though free from all pernicious fiction—which can be said of but few so-called magazines, now-a-days—its reading is most attractive and agreeable. It is now a favorite with the people, and with the press its reputation is unparalleled. Its editor, Professor B. F. Tefft, is a man of rare abilities, a ripe scholar, and, above all, a Christian gentleman. To the ladies we recommend this work most cordially. They could not appropriate two dollars to a better purpose.—*Virginia Messenger*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This superb monthly is fast finding its way to a position to more than rivalship of periodicals of its class. In our estimation, it stands pre-eminent among the exponents of American literature of its kind; and we earnestly hope it will attain a hoary age, and walk among and over the graves of those "magazines" and "books" which have, for some years past, teemed with a most disgusting sentimentalism and prurient literature; and we doubt not it will do so; for it has one of the most competent editors on the continent, and a corps of excellent contributors.—*American (Mass.) Pulpit*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is everywhere growing in popularity.—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

The writer of this notice has been a subscriber to the Repository from the beginning; and has enriched and adorned his little library with the bound volumes; he can, therefore, unhesitatingly recommend it to all female teachers, who may desire to take a monthly adorned with fine engravings, and edited with spirit and taste.—*Free School Clarion*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is one of the best magazines now published in the Union.—*American Literary Gazette*.

The Ladies' Repository is becoming more and more interesting; its list of distinguished contributors is enlarging, and we are left to wish for nothing, so far as elegance and intrinsic value are concerned. It is none of your light, trashy, idle, injurious periodicals, but of solid value, combining the useful with the entertaining, and is well worthy the patronage of the public.—*Lutheran (Baltimore) Observer*.

The Ladies' Repository is the title of a monthly magazine, published at Cincinnati and New York. It is devoted to literature and the arts, and occupies a higher position than any similar publication in the Union. Its contents are light and agreeable, yet of a character widely different from the sickening love stories and sketches of romance found in most of the monthlies published in this country. We have examined a few numbers, and are exceedingly pleased with them. Every article has a decidedly moral and religious tendency. Every lady should have this truly interesting and valuable work.—*Rockingham (Va.) Register*.

A portion of my readers doubtless subscribe for, and, of course, read, "The Ladies' Repository of Literature and Religion." These will need no testimony of mine to what they already know as a fact, that it has no superior and few equals, in excellence, as a monthly visitor to the parlors of the ladies.—*Cincinnati's (Cincinnati) Advertiser*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—It is a beautiful specimen of high finish, in the mechanical and typographical execution of a magazine. Its contents are of a sterling character.—*Southern Christian Advocate*.

We think we do not err when we pronounce the Ladies' Repository the richest of the entire round of monthlies, either of the five, three, or two dollar order. It will compete with any one of them in its external richness, that is, its typography, paper, illustrations, etc.; but this, unlike many of them, is not its richest part. Its moral and religious sentiment, combined with attractive and truthful incidents, constitutes it a mine of gold, yea, more than gold.—*Christian (Phila.) Repository*.

The Ladies' Repository, for this month, possesses its usual characteristics, vivacity, and worth. We have selected for our fourth page, this week, a part of the editor's notes on Pittsburg. They are racy enough, but can not exceed the original; no writer, be his powers what they may, can more than describe the city of smoke. The editor of Zion's Herald justly says, that Dr. Tefft's articles are the chief attraction of the Repository.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY has been received by C. H. Pierce, Cornhill, where it can be had on the same terms as at Cincinnati, with the usual discount to preachers. We have so often spoken of this fine monthly, that we need not repeat our opinion of its merits. What a blessing would it be if such a work could displace from the patronage of American ladies the decorated frivolities called Magazines with which the land is flooded!—*Zion's Herald*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Of a totally different character from the preceding is this excellent work. In the absence of any secular periodical of western origin, devoted to parlor reading, we cannot commend this too warmly to the attention of our fair friends. The May number is more than usually interesting; and we loaded its margins pretty thickly with our pencil marks for transfers to our columns.—*Great West*.

The September number of the Ladies' Repository is early out, and contains several original articles. The editor's contributions lose nothing by comparison with the best-written articles of the best contributors. A fine engraving of Prescott, from Ogdensburg Harbor, enriches the present number.—*Canada Christian Advocate*.

There are some publications which we feel a peculiar pleasure in recommending to the public—works from which much valuable information may be attained, and whose pages are free from the demoralizing trash and insipid sentimentalism of the day. Among these we have ever numbered the Ladies' Repository. It is a high-toned and ably-conducted monthly, and we commend it to the ladies, as a magazine eminently adapted to their taste, and one which contains nothing but articles of sterling merit.—*The Family (Georgia) Visitor*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The May number of this deservedly-popular monthly is one of the very best. There is a fine engraving, many well-written articles, and an editor's table, of distinguished merit.—*Methodist Expositor*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This most tastefully and ably-conducted ladies' monthly is before us, laden with many treasures, some of which we shall appropriate to our columns.—*Ashville (N. C.) Messenger*.

We say to the ladies of Vermont, do not barter your three or five dollars for sickening love stories, and sketches of romance, when, for two dollars, you can obtain this magazine, enriched with moral and religious sentiments, and its pages enlivened with attractive and truthful incidents. We will very cheerfully act as agent in receiving subscriptions and making remittances.—*Vermont Christian Messenger*.

The Repository is always a welcome visitor to our desk and domicile. It is the best work for ladies we are acquainted with.—*Richmond Christian Advocate*.

The high reputation of this monthly is well sustained.—*Texas Wesleyan Banner*.

The Repository is a work of standard merit. We have before spoken of it in terms of high commendation; and every succeeding number confirms the favorable opinion we at first formed of it.—*Clinton (New York) Signal*.

[SEE THIRD PAGE OF COVER.]

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is on our table. This is a favorite of ours, and we always lay every thing else aside until its pages are all turned over. It is decidedly the best periodical published, and it is strange that so many send off to the eastern cities for monthlies, when they could get a home production of much more real value. Dr. Tefft is the editor, and one better suited to the vocation cannot be found. An article written by him about a year ago, and published in the Repository, on the "New Race of Americans," is enough to place him among the very best writers of the country. The Doctor is yet a young man, and, should he live, is destined to do much for American literature.—*Indiana State Journal*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—*The Measure of Beauty Full.*—We have examined pretty fully the New-Year's issue of this fine work. We have often spoken of it in highest terms of commendation; and we still feel much pleasure in fully recommending it as decidedly the best ladies' book in the nation. The last number is capital in all its parts. The publishers and editor have combined in giving it an air of beauty and attraction far in advance of its predecessors.—*Genesee Evangelist*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is an excellent and spirited literary monthly. It commands a large array of talent, and maintains a high rank as a literary work. The editor is evidently a man of learning and taste, and spiced withal with a rich vein of wit and humor.—*Radiator*.

This interesting monthly continues to maintain its hitherto transcendent reputation.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—To those who desire to sustain a pure literary work, uncontaminated by the licentiousness which characterizes the contents of many of our magazines, we would recommend the Repository, its articles being of the most refined and intellectual quality.—*White Water Valley, Connorsville, Ia.*

There are now a few periodical publications for females which are unexceptionable in their character: we allude particularly to "The Mother's Magazine," "The Mother's Journal," and "THE LADIES' REPOSITORY."—"Women in America," by Mrs. Graves.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—It is not a mere form nor matter of impulse in us to recommend to our southern friends so frequently as we do the Ladies' Repository; but a sense of duty, arising from the conviction that, mid an era flooded as is the present with gossamers and gew-gaws, this work presents to the fair hands a vineyard of the richest grapes—a garden of the sweetest flowers. It is decidedly one of the most instructive and interesting magazines in America. Bishop Hamline was its first editor, next came Dr. Thomson, and now Professor Tefft, either of whom is a host in himself. Ladies of Kentucky, you cannot more wisely appropriate two dollars, than by subscribing for the Repository.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This beautiful and really useful monthly is one of the few literary magazines which we can commend to the confidence of a Christian community without incurring the hazard of aiding in the circulation of pernicious fiction. In the long list of periodical literature, we know of no magazine more elevated in its character than this—none which we think is so well adapted to the wants of the pious and intelligent female. We are glad to learn that it is constantly increasing in patronage as well as popularity.—*Western Literary Emporium*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The August number of this truly excellent and religious monthly contains upward of twenty original articles in addition to the rich and numerous contributions of the editor, Professor Tefft. The Repository deserves to be, what it really is, a favorite with the public. Under the efficient management of its present editor, the circulation of the Repository has greatly increased. We heartily wish it a still more widely-extended circulation.—*Christian Guardian*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is the title of a monthly magazine published in Cincinnati, Rev. B. F. Tefft, editor. It has a tone higher than that of most of the (so called) popular magazines of the day, and is characterized by ability and rare excellence.—*Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—We receive no periodical with more pleasure than we do this. It is published at Cincinnati, and is under the charge of the Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., who has few equals as a writer either of prose or poetry. The work should be well patronized.—*Quincy (Ill.) Herald*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is on our table; as usual, able in its editorials, and rich in its contributions. It is an elegant and successful supplanter of the light and pernicious reading palmed off upon the public under the fascinating title of "poetic literature," which finds but too ready a welcome to youthful female minds. With its present editor, its *ten thousand* subscribers, and its unparalleled reputation with the press, its future circulation is destined to surpass any thing of the kind in the west, or in the world.—*Christian Visitor, Adrian, Mich.*

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, published at Cincinnati, has come under the editorial management of Professor B. F. Tefft. The following high compliment we find paid him by a correspondent in a late Christian Advocate and Journal. We copy it

"For the sake of auld lang syne," as we were school-fellows and class-mates at Cazenovia, and can bear testimony to his early worth:

"The ladies will count themselves fortunate in having secured the services of so valuable and able an editor as Professor Tefft. For the last fifteen years he has been heaping up intellectual treasures, with a zeal and success scarcely ever surpassed. He is a poet, a philosopher, and a linguist, and not a mere dabbler in any thing. Like Bacon and Dr. Adam Clarke, he has taken all science and all learning for his field. But what is best of all, he takes all his attainments and talents, and lays them down a humble contribution at the foot of the cross of Christ."—*Glasgow News*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The April number of this excellent work is out, in its usual very neat style of typography, and filled with its usual excellence and variety of reading matter. The editorial department continues to be our favorite portion of the work—the part of each number to which we first turn, and which we first read. Professor Tefft not only writes with much elegance and smoothness, but so writes, that one can seldom if ever read a page from his pen without feeling that it is the production of a ripe scholar, a clear head, and a kind heart.—*Cincinnati Chronicle*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This is, to our mind, the very best magazine published in America. Racy, rich, varied, and serious in its contents, elegantly got up, and finely embellished, it must be a welcome visitor to the Christian parlor. Its editor, Professor Tefft, is a ripe scholar, combining strength with elegance in his able editorials.—*Providence Temperance Journal*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY comes to us embellished with an engraving of Bellevue Springs, near Niagara Falls, and a likeness of Bishop Hamline. Its chief embellishment, however, is one of Professor Tefft's admirable editorials on the Sword, the Tongue, and the Pen.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This magazine is well sustained by the present editor, and contains a large amount of instructive reading, alike creditable to its numerous contributors, and to the denomination from which it proceeds.—*Western Episcopalian*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is richly freighted with valuable original matter. "The Casket of Jewels Returned," by the editor, is well worth the price of the number.—*Christian Repository*.

The character of the Ladies' Repository, always high, continues to rise, and must soon attain to the complete fulfillment of a just conception of what such a magazine should be.

We shall not attempt, at this time, to make any comparisons between the able contributors to this work; but we beg to say a word of the editor, who is yet comparatively new in his vocation. We esteem him one of the best writers in the country; and while we highly appreciate the contributions of others, we are free to confess, that, for our own reading, our estimation of each number as it comes to hand, rises and falls very much as more or fewer pages are filled by his pen. His essay on the "New Race of Americans," in the March number, would do honor to any living writer. It alone is worth the subscription for a year; and it is but one of a number of able productions with which he has favored his readers. He is undoubtedly a man of strong sense, extensive and accurate learning, and fine taste. His style is easy, clear, pure, sprightly, and picturesque. Of this last characteristic, his "Triumph of Aurelian," in the June number, furnishes a fine example. Sluggish, indeed, must be the imagination of him who does not, as he reads, seem to see, in full life and action before him, the actors in the gorgeous pageantry so graphically described. In all he writes there is, without the least pedantry, unmistakable evidence of a thorough acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature; a kind of pervading savor of the old masters, peculiarly grateful to all those whose taste has been, in any degree, formed upon the same models.—*Cincinnati Weekly Atlas*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for September is one of the best numbers of that unrivaled monthly. Some of the communications are of the first order, while the editorial department is managed with an amount of tact and talent surpassed by no other work. For the ladies this is, unquestionably, the best work published in America.—*Literary (Phila.) Register*.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The March number of this monthly, issued from the Methodist Book-Room, in this city, is before us. For neatness of mechanical execution, and richness of matter, this work compares very favorably with any of the kind within our knowledge. It is worthy of a place on the centre-table of every family.—*Watchman of the Valley*.

This spirited monthly is a particular favorite of ours, as it must be of all who have a soul to appreciate sterling ability and rare excellence.—*Familia Favorite*.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

Contents.

	Page.		Page.
Vacation Rambles, by Professor Larrabee.....	441	My Own Fireside, by Alaric A. Watts.....	469
The Savior.....	443	Life and Death, by Rev. Charles Kingsley.....	469
Olden Times, by J. G. Gooch.....	444	Overdoing Matters.....	470
The Rain-Drop, by J. B. L. Soule.....	445	Sunset.....	470
Jeremy Taylor, by Rev. B. St. J. Fry.....	446	A Word to a Wife.....	471
Lago Maggiore, by William Baxter.....	448	The Venal Sanctuary, by Rev. James G. Lyons, LL. D.....	471
The Cutting Down of Christianity.....	448	Dr. Olin.....	471
Labor! Labor! by Professor D. J. Pinckney.....	449	The Man of Mediocrity.....	472
The Evening Hour, by Montpelier.....	452	The Lord's Prayer.....	472
General Reading, by Rev. Wesley Cochran.....	453	A Child's Sympathy.....	472
Different Views of Death.....	454	"I Have Wept with Him".....	472
Retrospection, by James Pummill.....	454	The Heart.....	472
Providence of God, by Mrs. H. C. Gardiner.....	454	Heroism.....	472
Sip from an Essayist, by Archibald Plagiary.....	455		
Making the Most of Life.....	456	NEW BOOKS—	
The Mountains and Valleys of the Tyrol, by Professor Wm. Wells.....	457	Summary of Christian Evidences.....	473
The Good Wife.....	461	Wisdom in Miniature.....	473
New England, by Florian.....	461	The Four Gospels.....	473
Prodigality of Time, by Erwin House.....	463	Memorials of the Early Progress of Methodism in the Eastern States.....	473
The Awakening, by Miss Emily S. Brown.....	464	Cosmos.....	473
The Midnight Wind.....	464	English Literature in the Nineteenth Century.....	473
THE LADIES' REPOSITORY—		Travels in the United States during 1849 and 1850.....	473
Share Your Bliss, by Eliza Cook.....	465	PERIODICALS—	
The Busy Idler, by Rev. James Hamilton.....	466	The Methodist Quarterly Review.....	473
Winter Violets.....	467	The North American Review.....	473
The Mighty Ocean, by Rev. Walter Colton.....	467	The Guide to Holiness.....	473
Death in a Galilean Prison, by Rev. Asahel Abbott.....	468	NEWSPAPERS.....	474
Graves of Gold Diggers.....	468	EDITOR'S TABLE.....	475
		The Poem, by Miss Phoebe Carey.....	476

Terms.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

NO SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN ONE ENTIRE VOLUME.

To Agents and Subscribers.

This periodical is published monthly, at Cincinnati and New York. All the traveling preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents.

Cash in advance will be expected in all cases. This can be paid to any of our authorized agents, who can order it charged to their account, if not convenient to remit.

The agents and friends of this work are earnestly requested to make an immediate and simultaneous effort in every section of the country, to procure new subscribers.

We solicit those who received the eleventh volume to continue their subscriptions to the twelfth, and otherwise aid in its circulation, which we hope to be able to make worthy of their patronage.

All communications containing remittances or subscriptions should be addressed to the publishers; those designed for publication, to the editor, at Cincinnati. Letters not containing ten dollars, or five new subscribers, must be post-paid. In remitting, please procure drafts, or the most current bank notes.

Books Published by Swormstedt & Power.

LECTURES ON THE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCES OF NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION. By Wm. C. Larrabee, Professor of Mathematics, Indiana Asbury University.

These Lectures are twenty in number, and of the kind are altogether the best defense of Christianity extant. No one will be satisfied simply with a first reading; they will be studied with profound interest.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JOHN COLLINS, OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE.

Judge M'Lean is the author of this work—a sufficient recommendation for it.

SINFULNESS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY. By Charles Elliott, D. D.

This work, in two volumes, is altogether worthy to stand side by side, with Dr. Elliott's great work on Romanism. It is the most perfect and extensive treatise on the subject now before the public.

MEMORIALS OF PRISON LIFE. By Rev. James B. Finley. Edited by Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D.

This is a fine duodecimo work, whose character for worth and general interest cannot be surpassed by any issue of the age. It will circulate everywhere, and will be devoured with avidity alike by the aged and the young.

473
473
473

473
473
473
473

473
473
473
474
475
476

ue
ir-
eir
ons
ab-
ng
re-
es.

D.
d,
in
e-
y.
nd
e.
d-